THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUTURE . . . By Sgt. Eugene P. Healy

The Saturday Review of Literature

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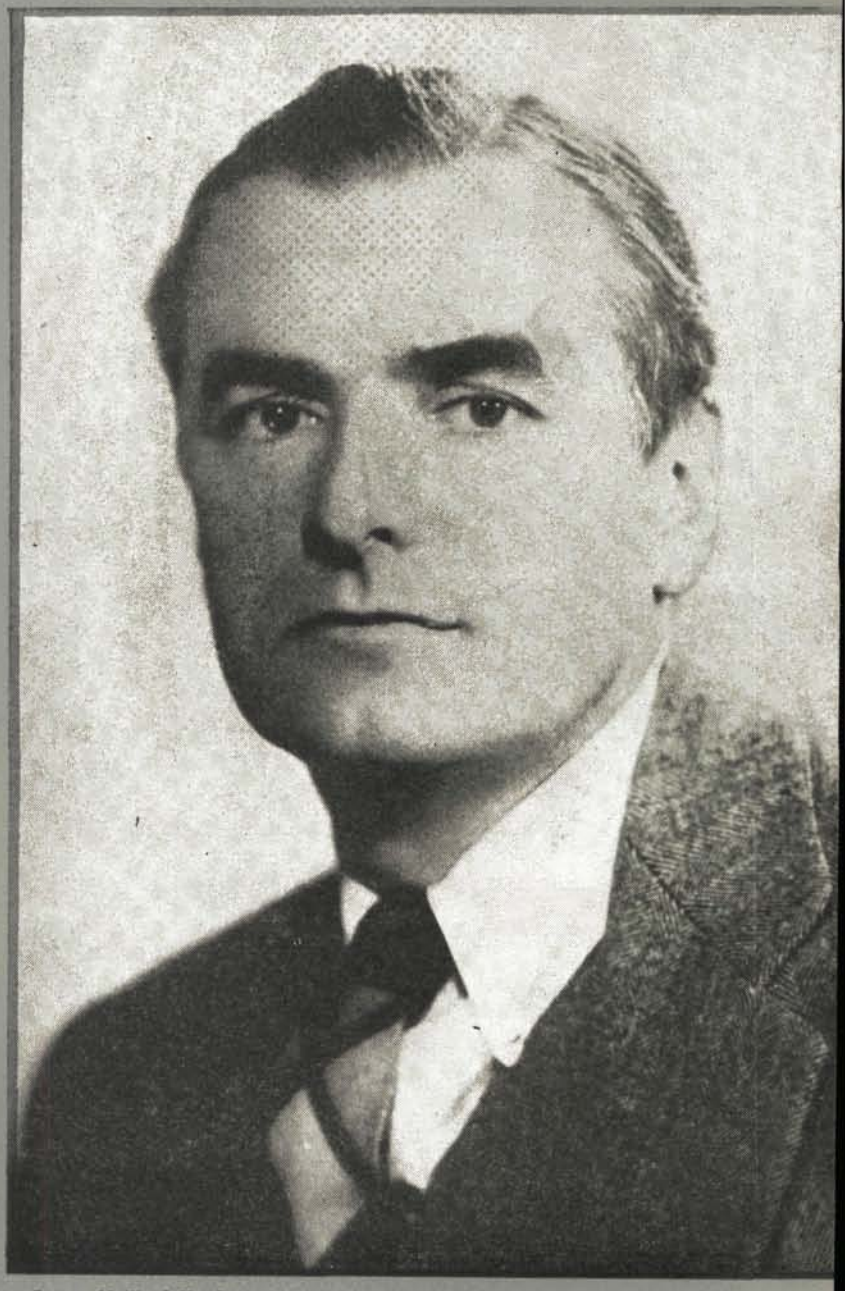

—George Maillard Kesslere

HERBERT AGAR, author of "A Time for Greatness," wants America to get in back of an "explosive" idea . . . ***(See page 5)***

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. . . and the Army and Navy, too!

WE cheered their heroism, their daring, their never-say-die spirit at Wake Island, for example.

Over and over in conversation, editorials, speeches, and every other form of verbal bouquet we told them how fine we thought they were. And how solidly we stood behind them.

But now comes the time when we've got to tell all that to the Marines and the Army and Navy in something more substantial than mere words.

Demonstration—not conversation—is called for now!

We've got to increase and maintain the club-houses which the men can use on their time off. 432 are already operating now. But that's not nearly enough.

We've got to help keep up their spirit by keeping boredom and monotony out of their lives. A fighter needs entertainment for his mind as well as guns for his hands, uniforms for his back, food for his stomach.

The USO camp shows are bringing the world's best entertainment to the armed forces. But we've only started!

Mobile units for troops in remote positions . . . troops-in-transit service at transportation stations . . . book gathering and distributing . . . these are just a few more expanding services the U S O is giving.

For the U S O—and you—are charged with the vital duty of helping keep up morale.

Fighting spirit is a real, a vital, a specific thing. An instrument of war like bullets, bombers, and tanks. Without it no victory can be won.

So it's your move now, Mr. and Mrs. America. That fountain pen you sign your check with is a machine gun today. Will you *start shooting?*

Send your contribution to your local campaign chairman or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Bldg., New York City.

★ USO ★

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Men Who Make the Future

SGT. EUGENE P. HEALY

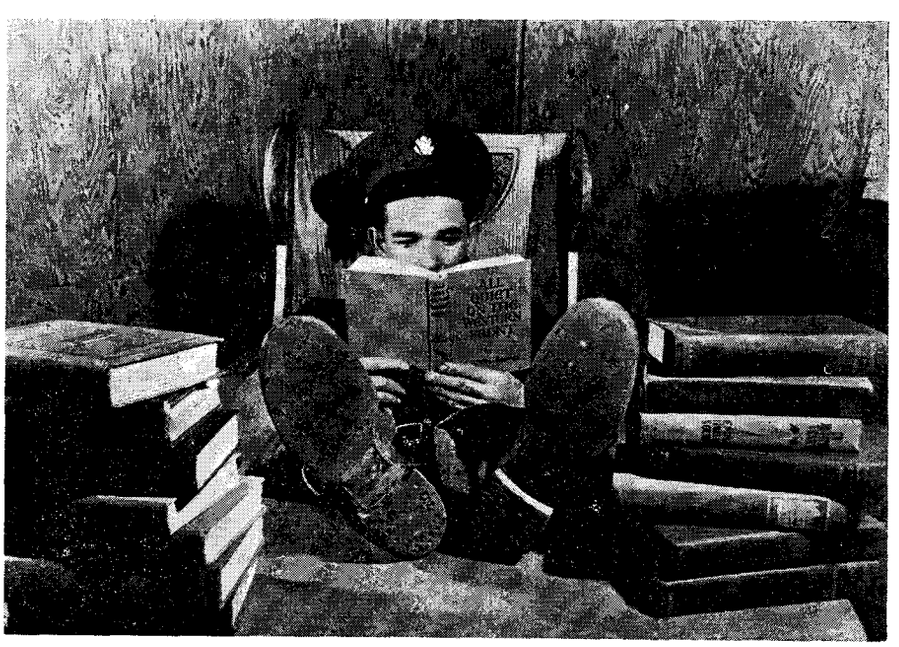
AVAILABLE to those entitled to inspect them are some hundreds of miles of records which tell practically all there is to tell about the men who are our Army. These over-three-million case histories are housed both in the War Department files in Washington and in the regimental and divisional files of our various Army organizations here and in a dozen places abroad. They contain physical descriptions, medical records, personal and genealogical data, educational and occupational histories, I. Q. and general aptitude scores—and almost any other useful information about each individual soldier and officer that anyone might be inquisitive about. They represent the most staggering job of classification this nation has ever known and yet, if our Army is to reach the size some people predict, the job is only a third complete. Meanwhile, however, if there's a hurry call for a writer, a bookbinder, an architect, a cobbler, or a draftsman it is a matter only of minutes until battery, battalion, regimental, divisional, or any higher headquarters can put its finger on a man who will fill the bill.

But there are some questions about our men in uniform which defy filing and classification systems. One wonders, for instance, what are going to be the post-war effects on the nation as a whole of these massive shiftings-about of such sizeable sections of our population. What new ideas, viewpoints, or habits which will represent a contribution to the culture of their own communities or influence the public attitudes of their neighbors will these millions of men, most of whom have now for the first time traveled more than a couple of hundred miles from home, bring back with them from the South, the West, the Middlewest, New England? Right now are these travellers bringing to the communities near which they are quartered anything which clearly affects the established mores of those communities? Anyone who has ever been in one of the small towns near a large Army post has been made sharply aware of the immediate effects, but must wonder if any of these effects will outlast the war.

One turns naturally to the last war and asks what were the results of such movements then. Any? Probably none except the rather heavy Negro migration northward. But the situation then was quite different. This time, during a whole year of peace, we shuffled a million or more selected citizens about, moved Northerners south and Southerners north, placed them in new, strange surroundings for considerable periods of time. Now that we are at war each new soldier undergoes a protracted training cycle on his own American soil, albeit usually in a section of the country a thousand or two thousand miles from his native heath. Last time the tendency was rather to train men quickly at camps considerably nearer their own homes and then, in the shortest possible time, to send them overseas to complete their training at bases in England or France. Among my own family and acquaintances I can call to mind at least four individuals who, after three or four weeks superficial training, were loaded on ship and sent abroad.

What are the influences that the soldiers themselves have on one another? How do they get on together? What do they think of one another? Are Northerners and Southerners still needling one another? Is the Civil War still on? How does the Ph. D. get along with the sewer digger he sleeps next to? How do our German- and Italian-American soldiers get along with their Anglo- and Slavic-American barracks-mates?

I think it is true that on the whole —both in the Army and at home—our German- and Italian-American citizens are much less of a problem than most of our pro-Irish-Americans who, nowadays, are not considered foreigners primarily because for them no language problem exists. I have seen a couple of hundred Italian- and German-American trainees go through their thirteen-week cycles in the training battery to which I am attached and there hasn't been a single instance in which suspicion of any kind was justified or, for that matter, even existent. On their part there is no reluctance to oppose Germans and Italians in battle. One German refugee boy who began his training here in February was asked, somewhat fat-



—*U.S.O.*

Within a week after donning his khaki, the book hobbyist is at home with a volume contributed by the Victory Book Campaign.

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uously, during his preliminary interview if he had any objections to fighting Germans. "Nazis?" he said. "Don't be zilly."

Insofar as nationalities are concerned there is no noticeable clannishness. That should be put more emphatically. In the Army clannishness of a national variety is non-existent. These days the American of European background who is more proud of that background than of his American citizenship is a rare bird indeed.

A heartwarming thing to observe is the helpfulness, the solicitude that all show for the few who are a little more thoroughly "foreigners" than the rest of us. There is something warm and American about it that it is somehow embarrassing to talk about, but it is there and it makes you feel good to know that it is there. When a man who has language trouble comes in practically everyone else in his platoon, battery, or company takes it upon himself to help out, to see that no one is stupid enough to ridicule, to make the newcomer feel that he belongs. And when the inducted foreigner tries hard, the results are frequently amazing.

A Polish boy I met at Camp Upton last winter had come into the Army knowing no English whatever. He had been in for a year when I met him and his command of the language was phenomenal. But he was a student. He carried a dictionary with him and during the few days I was tented with him I saw him dig into the valise under his bed a dozen times, pull out his dictionary, and finger through to the word that troubled him. He would ask you to pronounce it again; get a good look at it in print—and after that it was his word forever.

THERE is some clannishness in the Army, but it tends to run along regional, cultural, or educational lines rather than otherwise. Soldiers gravitate toward one another because they hail from the same part of the country. This appears to be especially characteristic of Southern youngsters. Westerners, Mid-westerners and Easterners recognize few differences among themselves; each group, however, appears to be keenly aware of differences between themselves and Southerners. Southerners do have their own heritage and their own almost-separate history—of which last they are intensely proud. And almost all of the Southerners I have known in the Army believe sincerely that if the North had minded its own damned business the South would be better off today. Almost all still entertain an attitude toward the Negro and ideas about the Negro's value as a human being which make a Northerner wince. It is nevertheless an attitude considerably more forthright than the Northerner's so-often-heard, "Some of my best friends are Jews" weasel words.

I have, for instance, heard Southerners—uneducated but, nonetheless, fairly typical—talk of "punching niggers for good luck." Within the past two weeks a Southern friend of mine told gaily about witnessing one of these punchings downtown in Fayetteville just the night before: two beered-up white soldiers walked along a dark street side by side. A Negro approached them and as the three neared one another the two soldiers split and let the Negro go between them. The white men swung as the Negro came abreast of them. One of them hit him in the face; the other in the stomach.

HOW many times have you said to yourself or heard your friend say: "I'll bet my eye teeth that if I could be given an opportunity—over a period of time, of course—to be with and talk to a few young Nazis I'd be able to put some sense in their heads without having to pound it in. Those allegedly ingrained anti-Semitic prejudices of theirs can't possibly be so deeply ingrained that they can't be rooted out. A few weeks of friendly discussion, of driving home the difference between a hateful and a brotherly civilization—and I'd have some converts for you."

Do you believe that? Well, I've heard some Easterners say that they had tried a similar tune on some of our young Southern fellow citizens and got a pretty good idea of the futility of trying to unconvince zealots.

Awareness of that kind of difference does little to draw Northerner and Southerner together. The Northerner resents what he piously thinks of as the Southerner's undemocratic attitude; the Southerner resents the Northerner's not minding his own damned business. The damned Yankees and the damned Rebels are at one another again in a thousand squad rooms and, over cans of beer, in a thousand G. I. beer gardens. Nine-tenths of this is good-natured blabber—and I am certain that none of it in any way affects the unity of purpose of these men who have been thrown together and like it.

Incidentally, although it may be an entertaining vaudeville gag, it is also a fact these days that Cohen, Weinstein, Yablonovitch, Gambino, Del Isola, *et al* are damned Yankees. Southerners look over the roster of newcomers arriving for training and say, "With names like those they couldn't be anything but Yankees."

One would suspect that some assim-

(*Continued on page* 21)

THIS WEEK

Features

PAGE

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUTURE
By Sgt. Eugene P. Healy 3

THE FIRST NAZI BULLET
By Count Bernstorff 8

Reviews

A TIME FOR GREATNESS
By Herbert Agar
Reviewed by Carl T. Friedrich 5

CLIMATE MAKES THE MAN
By Clarence A. Mills
Reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington 7

LOST CHORDS
By Douglas Gilbert
Reviewed by Charles Ferguson 10

ALL IN OUR DAY
By Manuel Komroff
Reviewed by Harry Shaw 11

THE REVOLUTIONISTS
By Selden Rodman
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 15

DIARY OF A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT
By David Lawrence
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard 16

ALONG THE ILLINOIS
By Edgar Lee Masters

A DAY IN MANHATTAN
By A. M. Sullivan

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER
By Randall Jarrell

CHORUS FOR AMERICA
Edited by Carlos Bulosan

LETTER FROM AMERICA
By Carlos Bulosan

HAVE COME AM HERE
By José Garcia Villa
Reviewed by Alfred Kreymborg 17

JOHN THE GREAT
By Donald Barr Chidsey
Reviewed by Jim Tully 18

THE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE
By Virginia Swain
Reviewed by Paul Engle 19

WORLD ORDER IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE
By Hans Kohn
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 21

Departments

EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 12
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 13
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 14
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 446 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23

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America's Responsibility for the Future

A TIME FOR GREATNESS. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL T. FRIEDRICH

HERBERT AGAR'S "A Time for Greatness" is, above all, an ardent plea for an idea. Addressed to Americans in this time of world upheaval, his plea is a call to rise to the occasion of this rendezvous with destiny. Agreeing with those who consider ideas weapons, he claims that our idea is the idea of equality—an "explosive" idea he calls it. We will be great, if we embrace this idea of equality, fight for it, die for it. And by "we" is meant all or most Americans, not a select few.

There is a great deal in this book that this reviewer most decidedly accepts and cheers. But there are unresolved conflicts in Agar's thought and a tendency to avoid the really troublesome questions. For while he insists upon the importance of equality as our explosive idea, he makes no effort to deal with the problem of Communism and the Soviet Union. Yet, the position of the Soviet Union is, when one speaks of ideas, absolutely vital. As far as I can discover, theirs is the "explosive" idea, the real challenge. One does not need to be a Communist to see that. One can even be a determined anti-Communist, as is the reviewer, and be most clearly cognizant of this fact.

Can America set an "explosive" idea against that of the Soviet Union, as Agar would have her do? No. One of the profoundest errors made continuously by various estimable writers in this war is to think that "there is nothing worth fighting for except an idea." That is how Agar puts it. Almost the exact opposite is the truth: it is highly probable that an idea is rarely worth fighting for. Only the vanguard of a genuine revolutionary movement fights usefully for an idea. Most men fight because they are caught in a fight, some in order to gain possessions, or women, or fame. Most pacific peoples do not fight, unless attacked. Look at the Chinese (who incidentally get no break in Agar's book), pacific to the core, and yet fighting magnificently year after year, almost with their bare hands. Perhaps one could say that they are fighting *against* an idea, but more accurately it is a fight in defense of a pattern of life, a fight for survival, embodying a whole complex of ideas. Certainly America today is fighting a similar war. The mass of Americans are fighting to defend their way of life and their right to go forward and change that way of life to suit themselves. This is true even though there are small groups of intelligentsia who participate in this fight primarily because of an idea which they associate with the fight. But the mass of our countrymen are fighting for America, their homeland, and doing it with enthusiasm. We all do.

But it is true that for some of us the idea is very important. And it is through such men that a people's conscience speaks. Therefore Agar's search is of paramount importance, even though it applies only to a limited circle. In developing the idea of equality, Agar, quoting Saint Exupèry, lays great stress upon the fact that equality is first and foremost equality *in* God, and from that derives the conclusion that sound equalitarianism is always conceived in similar terms. He develops three approaches to this concept. "The first is equality of opportunity. The second is equality in access to civilization—to the amenities of life which provide what Pericles called 'recreation for the spirit.' The third is equality in protection against the abuse of power, whether political or economic." Agar rightly feels that America has so far tended to overstress equality in opportunity. As far as recreation of the spirit is concerned, Agar is well aware of the fact that modern America has sought to provide it through universal education, but he points out how very far short we have fallen of making this education really universal. He insists with particular poignancy upon the inequality of the Negro in this respect. In a striking group of three chapters, all permeated by the same spirit of marked progressivism, and dealing respectively with business, labor relations, and civil liberties, Agar develops more fully his views on the economic inequalities which persist in America today. He rightly feels that we cannot preach the idea of equality to the rest of the world, unless we push it at home.

This cartoon by Rollin Kirby, entitled "The Price of Dictatorship," appeared in the New York *World-Telegram* almost eight years ago.

But this seems to me the weakness of Agar's entire position. It is precisely these failures in the realm of making equality real which destroy the explosiveness of the idea of equality. Belonging as it does to the revolutionary challenge of the French Revolution, the idea has conservative overtones, unless it appears in some such context as the Communist is willing to give it. This point may well be illustrated by Agar's position concerning the Germans. "It cannot be argued," he states rather condescendingly, "that the German is necessarily inferior to other people, or more savage than his neighbors. When the German is transplanted to the American Middle West he becomes a normal human being who does not feel it necessary from time to time to refresh the civilization of Indiana in the blood of its unhappy sons and daughters. But it can be argued that the German national tradition is inferior, grossly and iniquitously inferior, to that of any other people in the modern world."

Herbert Agar shows that he has a realization of the patent fact that we, including even the self-righteous Americans, all have done exactly the same that the German people did: tried to appease a force of evil which cannot and should not be appeased. One of the most striking sentences in the book is this: "Hitler is an effect, not a cause. To blame the war on Hitler is to turn our tragedy into a Broadway farce." And again: "Unhappily we do not need to go to Germany, and to the little man in the six-wheeled automobile, to find a barbarian. In one form or another he lives in the heart of every man, ready to demolish a world that has lost faith in itself. We shall never understand this civil war of all the globe if we think the threatened collapse of civilization, and hence the revolt against civilization, is confined to the enemy countries."

In other words, Germany is simply the first country in which the culture barbarians that have arisen in the midst of our civilization were able to harness their rule of terror to modern machine civilization and then gear it to attack upon her neighbors. The reason is more likely to be the fact that Germany was weakened by a long war and a disastrous defeat than any particular feature of her national tradition. What is a national tradition, anyway? Anyone who knows anything about Luther, Kant, or Goethe will find it hard to believe that these rep-

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resentatives of the German tradition would not turn around in their grave, if they could behold the Hitlerite pyre of all cultural tradition of any kind. What makes Agar's remark (unhappily quoted by the publisher on the flap as if representative of the best in the book) particularly malapropos is the fact that tens of thousands of Germans have fought and bled and died in the vain effort to stem the Nazi avalanche while most of us, to quote Agar once more, "watched for ten years with stony eyes while cruelty and persecution destroyed our brothers . . ." Not only the Niemöllers, and the von Galens, but the countless little men and women who at the peril of their lives did something affirmative, like buying in a Jewish store on boycott day.

But there is nothing explosive about this idea; indeed it is a very conservative idea. In America, as Edwin Mims, Jr., and others have shown, it has always been a mainstay of conservatives. It is the quintessence of constitutionalism and of the rule of law. And yet, it is the quintessence also of what most people the world over are longing for. That's why the four freedoms are so important as a symbol; they clearly embody this equality in protection against the abuse of power. Whether one agrees with Herbert Agar in his admiration for the British system of parliamentary government or not, there can be little question that American constitutionalism was not meant to produce the kind of representative system, which today makes of congress a barometer of the various group pressures, precariously balanced by the President. Agar's call for clearer, more clean-cut lines of responsibility is certainly in order. I for one doubt the applicability of British experience beyond very narrow limits; its extraordinary functioning depends upon conditions which exist nowhere else in the world. In fact, since these conditions have been on the wane in Britain, the system has shown decided weaknesses even there.

"A Time for Greatness" is an outstanding document of our time. It reflects brilliantly the feeling of liberal Americans who do not like war, yet like slavery and barbarism even less. Agar's exalted sense of the role of politics is genuinely reassuring, as is his profound sense of our own weakness. "It was not clever of us to allow the future of our country and of our civilization to depend on luck; yet sooner or later this must happen to every nation that plays low politics. In the long run there is only the choice between high politics and none." Here is the silver lining of our time: that the terrible challenge of fascism will make us rediscover forgotten truths.

Mean Man Blues

By S. Funaroff

I GOT trouble, trouble, trouble on my mind,
Got the world's trouble, trouble on my mind,
Those nasty nasties are a trouble to mankind.

I been the whole wide world over,
Meanest thing I did see,
I been the whole wide world over,
Meanest thing I did see,
Those nasty nasties stealin' a man's liberty.

Standin' on the corner, speakin' my mind,
Yes, I'm standin' on the corner, speakin' my mind,
Next thing I know I'm on the chain gang line.

O the world it ain't no prison
Jes to keep you under lock an' key,
The world it ain't no prison
Jes to keep you under lock an' key,
Ain't gonna let no low down rascal
Put a ball an' chain on me.

Yes the world it ain't no prison
Jes to keep you under lock an' key,
The world it ain't no prison
Jes to keep you under lock an' key,
I like my lovin' an' livin' without misery.

Lemme tell you a story 'bout that nasty man,
Throws you in the lock-up, locks you in the can.

He's got chains an' a rope an' a barkin' houn',
He's got a double-cross on his shirt so brown,

He's so double-crossed he sees upside down:
The world ain't free—it's jailhouse boun'.

He's got a black moustache, he's got a forty-fo',
He keeps shoutin' peace an' shootin' war.

He talks high an' mighty with a voice like thunder
But he's so low you can't crawl under.

Yes, he's a mean ol' dog, won't even scratch his fleas,
If he was summer weather he's so mean he'd freeze.

I went to the cupboard, the cupboard was bare,
Oh, oh, oh, that nasty man was there.

Got so hungry thought his heart would melt,
He went an' cut another notch in my belt.

Put my hand in my pocket for a penny in my purse,
Oh, oh, oh, that man got there first.

Rocks on the rockpile like fish in the sea,
Won't let that man make a poor fish of me.

Before I die an' they put me in a hearse
I'll see that nasty man get there first.

Yes, he's a dirty no gooder, so mean an' low,
A dirty no gooder, so mean an' low,
But he gonna reap jes' what he sow.

Cause if you think he's fire,
Burnin' up the town,
If you think he's fire,
Burnin' up the town,
You can think he's fire
'Cause he sho' is burnin' down.

If you don't believe he's sinkin',
Don't keep him from fallin' in,
If you don't believe he's sinkin',
Don't keep him from fallin' in,
If you don't believe he's sinkin',
Jes' look what a hole he's in.

Yes the world it ain't no prison
Jes' to keep you under lock an' key,
The world it ain't no prison
Jes' to keep you under lock an' key,
Ain't gonna let no low down rascal
Put a ball an' chain on me.

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Why Weather Moves the World

CLIMATE MAKES THE MAN. By Clarence A. Mills. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGDON

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

MOST of us agree with this quotation from Pope, theoretically at least. But prunello? Yes, I, too, had to go to the dictionary. It is a kind of old-fashioned yellowish brown woolen cloth, so named because its color is like that of a small skinned prune. Mention of cloth suggests the many people who think that clothes make the man. Clothes certainly do make a man feel like a man. And so does snappy autumn weather such as that of the twenty-eighth of September when this review is being written. Such days give courage. Perhaps it was on such a day that Clarence A. Mills of the Medical School of the University of Cincinnati decided to give his new book a challenging name, "Climate Makes the Man."

The reviewer is glad that such a challenge has been thrown out. The book will annoy people who think that their particular line of work is the most "basic," regardless of whether they are anthropologists, psychologists, nutrition experts, preachers, teachers, or something else. They will say that Dr. Mills overstates the importance of his own specialty. Perhaps he does, but to no greater degree than almost innumerable writers in other fields. Dr. Mills is an ardent crusader in a campaign whose object is to make the world realize that physical environment is just as important as either heredity or culture. Therefore, his book has the qualities which one expects in propaganda of the good sort. It is also a chatty, personal book that can be read rapidly and with pleasure. Incidentally, it gives a good deal of information about the author's own life.

Starting with the sun, Dr. Mills soon brings us down to earth and to changes of weather. Then he whimsically introduces Hilda and Ivan, white rats who stand as protagonists of a great army of "willing co-workers" who have "spent weeks shivering in the cold without complaint and endured tropical heat with calm complacency. . . . It saddens us to watch these little friends lose their appetites and fail in health as we . . . vary experimental conditions. But afterward comes miraculous recovery," as the unfavorable condition is corrected.

The word, "miraculous," expresses the feeling which many people have as they watch the changes that take place in experimental animals. For years Dr. Mills has seen his white rats vary from weakness and lassitude to health and activity in response to both temperature and diet. He realizes that what is happening to them happens also to human beings under similar circumstances. Naturally he becomes enthusiastic about what might be accomplished, if only we could create for man the right kind of artificial climate and weather, and could feed him on a diet grown in places where both climate and soil give plants and animals plenty of vitamins and minerals. Deficiencies in both of these factors are in many cases due directly or indirectly to the action of climate on plants, or on the soil. When this fundamental fact is at last recognized it will be a great help in understanding many social problems, both at home and in countries such as India. Mills emphasizes the fact that in stimulating climates, especially those where there are plenty of storms and rather sudden changes of weather, people are spurred to great activity. Therefore, they work hard and intelligently. Thus they protect themselves from infectious diseases and at the same time accomplish all sorts of other difficult achievements. In doing so, however, they build up a social system in which excessive activity is the keynote. As a result they overexert themselves and thus become afflicted with diabetes, ailments of the heart, and a whole series of other diseases which arise from unduly active metabolism.

A good deal is also said about such matters as the right kind of climate for sufferers from various ailments. Mills's formula is simple. Pick out the place where your particular disease, or weakness, is least common. That will indicate the climate in which you are most likely to recover, or live long. Obvious as this idea sounds, it has never been properly applied on any large scale. Dr. Mills also sets forth many ideas, climatic and otherwise, as to problems connected with the present war, the location of training camps, and the equipment of troops for different climates.

The best part of "Climate Makes the Man" is the account of Ivan, Hilda, and hundreds of other nameless fluffy white rats. Their responses to climate and diet "very much resemble those of human beings. . . . In a fairly cool, natural environment . . . Ivan ate greedily and grew at a rapid rate. . . . Hilda began her sexual cycles early (just as do girls in the most stimulating climates) and reached a high level of reproductivity, giving birth to large

Clarence A. Mills

litters of lusty young. These offspring in turn went through life with a zest and gusto which is possible only in cool surroundings. . . . When shifted to tropical heat, Ivan and Hilda were forced to adapt their lives to a more leisurely pace. After about three weeks of heat they ate less than half the food they had in the cool surroundings, and their rate of growth was correspondingly reduced. Their cousins who were kept permanently in the heat matured late and were of low fertility. . . . These animals of good stock, kept in the heat but on adequate diets and with perfect sanitation, showed the same high stillbirth and infant deathrates found among human populations in tropical regions where heat conditions are similar." Nevertheless, if infectious diseases were rigidly excluded, these animals lived longer than their most active cousins who lived a short but merry life in cool surroundings.

It is a far cry from furry little Ivan and Hilda to Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, but Mills finds a connection. Rising world temperatures, he says, will diminish the energy of western nations and thus bring us nearer to the Japanese and Chinese level. They will benefit Russia, which is too cold. China is being strengthened by being "pushed back into her more invigorating hinterland. . . . So let Stalin take the head seat, with Chiang Kai-shek on his right and the Anglo-Saxon group on his left." It is true that for half a century or more a slight increase in the temperature of large parts of the earth has occurred. It has had more effect upon man than most people realize. This may not mean that Russia will stand at the apex of humanity in the next generation, but the degree to which "climate makes the man" is still far from being understood.

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The Saturday Review
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THE FIRST NAZI BULLET

Twenty years ago, the Frankfurter Zeitung *in Germany carried an article decrying the murder, on June* 24, 1922, *of Walter Rathenau, Germany's far-seeing and world-renowned Foreign Minister, who, while he lived, was perhaps the greatest force in Germany, if not Europe, for reconciliation and reconstruction. Rathenau was murdered because he was a Jew. Count Bernstorff, German Ambassador to Washington at the time of America's involvment, was profoundly disturbed by the assassination. He immediately wrote the following article, which is even more timely today than when it first appeared in September,* 1922.

ANTI-SEMITISM has always existed and always will exist, so long as there are people wanting in humanity, who attach more importance to depreciating the peculiarities of others than to developing their own personalities to the highest attainable point. I have always detested anti-Semitism, not merely because in the course of a long life I had many loyal and trusted Jewish friends, but because as a politician I see in anti-Semitism a weakness, and one that I have always regarded as involving the sin against the holy spirit of politics.

Anyone who starts a competitive struggle in the belief of his own inferiority, will inevitably be defeated. The ultimate effect of anti-Semitism is to inspire feeble souls with the fear that the small Jewish minority might establish a spiritual, political, and economic domination over us. The German nation plunged into the abyss owing to its own political blunders, and is still laboring sorely under its own political inexperience, but apart from that it is sound in mind and body. Are we to be afraid of our Jewish compatriots' brilliant gifts? Were it not better to use them to the full in the service of our nascent Republic, which needs all available forces to rise like a Phoenix from the ashes of military defeat?

I regard everyone as a German who loves the language of Goethe as his own, and who is resolved to build up the State on the foundations laid by Frederick the Great, Stein, and Bismarck. To view the concept of Germanism otherwise in these days seems to me affected, as very few of our countrymen could boast that they had not a single drop of Slav or Latin blood in their veins. The idea of nationality is for me a historical one. They are German that feel themselves historically German.

I have taken down several volumes in my library that deal in more or less moderate fashion with the antithesis of Jews to ourselves, in the matter of race and mentality; and in a book by Treitschke, who is considered by even our super-Nationalists as a classic witness, I came upon the following conclusion: "It can no longer be disputed that Jewry can only now play a part if its members can make up their minds to become Germans, French, and English, and, without prejudice to their ancient memories, merge themselves in the nation to which they constitutionally belong. That is the only, very reasonable, and just request that we Westerners have to make."

Rathenau was certainly just such a Jew as this, and yet he was murdered by fanatical anti-Semites. He was prominent in his efforts for the construction of German industry, he wrote a number of thoughtful and valuable works on the future of the German nation, and finally, during and after the war, he placed himself at the disposal of the Fatherland, when we stood in such bitter need of his great abilities. Rathenau was the first Foreign Minister since the war to attain any success. Under his leadership the antagonism of world public opinion against us was modified, and this was a condition for any further work. It would have been a political blunder had we not employed a man of Rathenau's calibre in the service of the Republic, just as it was a political blunder to murder him, apart from the fact that murder is a crime.

If anyone feels disposed to exclude the poet of the Lorelei from the German Parnassus, let him permit himself the feeble joke. He merely makes himself ridiculous. But in politics the matter is different. The phrase *plectuntur Achivi* applies not only to the mania of Caesarism. When the nation goes mad the result is the same. In England it never occurred to anyone to attack the great statesman Disraeli on the ground of his race. Our Republic needs men of character and resolution, who will set themselves against this anti-Semite lunacy before it leads to further disaster. Bismarck's views on this matter were quite other than those of his pretended adherents in the ranks of German-nationalism, who praise the Iron Chancellor and destroy his achievement, who tear down the flag of the Republic and sing the song of the black-red-gold Hoffmann von Fallersleben: "You mock yourselves and you know not how." It is well known that Bismarck said he would be glad if one of his sons married a Jewess. He felt himself strong enough to absorb the Jewish gifts and failings.

Are we to be so feeble as to allow our people to be goaded on to further violence? We ought, on the contrary, to pledge ourselves at Rathenau's grave that for the future we will carry on the war of politics with intellectual weapons and the voting-paper alone. Let us hope that in the German Republic there will only be one rivalry between Christians and Jews, and that will be for the credit of rendering the greatest services to the Fatherland. An essential condition for this is, however, that the German people should for the future judge the services of their eminent men by purely practical standards, and not by religion or racial origin. In the meantime we must today blush for shame that a prominent Jewish statesman has been murdered merely because he was a Jew.

Count Bernstorff.

Yank Levy

By Robert Nathan

THIS is a son of warriors, of the Maccabees,
Of David, of deep-thewed Samson, God-given Gideon.
No banker this, no Doctor of German Philosophy;
This is the fighting Jew—the dark, tense face,
Fierce and aware, lonely, waiting and watching.
No banners here, no parades in front of the mayor,
With flowers and politicians, no surly boasting,
But the eagle's look, that once from the walls of Jerusalem,
Fell like an arrow into the Roman legions.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1,000,000 Reprints Needed

SIR:—Last night—somewhat belatedly, I admit—I read John Mason Brown's "To the Inheritors of a World without Hitler."

I was so thrilled by it that at midnight I mailed it—special delivery—to my soldier son. I would not want him to miss this article. Take all our leading national magazines for the last three years, and if you can show me something better, an article or speech more moving and more truly American, then—well, then I'll join Mahatma and his goat.

I suggest that a million reprints be made of Mr. Brown's article to be distributed to our students and to our soldiers and sailors.

H. O. SPIER.

New York City.

Why Wait?

SIR:—You may be interested in this item as a commentary, effective in its own way, on Nazi writing today:

> In defending a Dutch Nazi author accused of plagiarizing his book almost in its entirety from a German novel, the literary critic of the *Nationale Dagblad*, daily of the Dutch Nazi Party, declared: "Folkish literature cannot be troubled by demands for originality because the writers of the New Order are too much in a hurry."

This is the source of the item: *Netherlands News*, published by Netherlands Information Bureau, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

HARRY BRICKER.

Chicago.

Attention: Vermont Poets

SIR:—A small compilation of poems by present-day Vermonters (either by birth or residence) is in preparation for the Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, Vt. Such writers are invited to mail to the undersigned two or three poems with a self-addressed stamped envelope. We can accept only a limited number of poems of high literary quality.

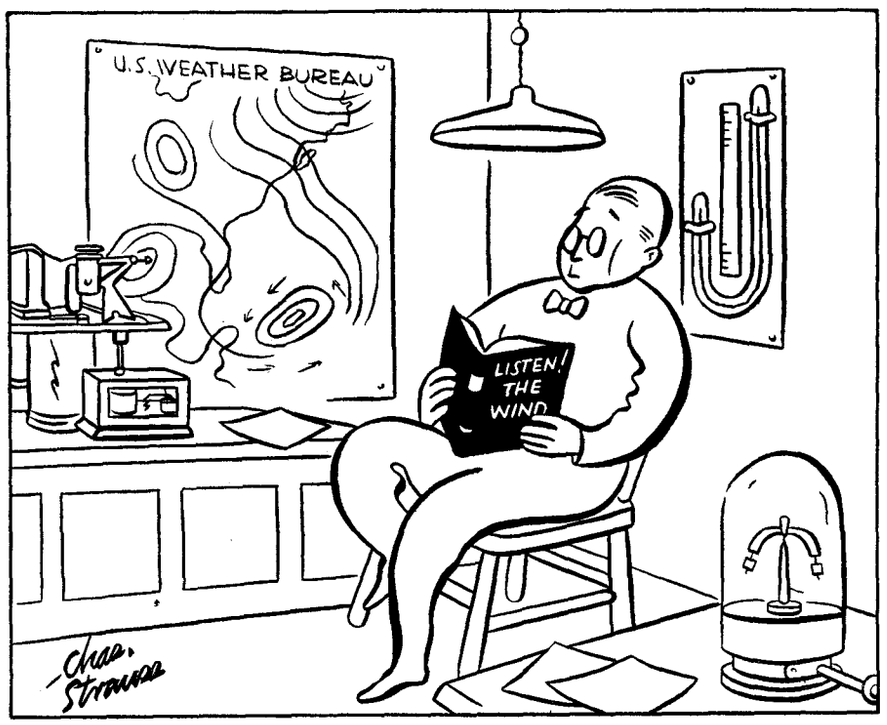
ENID CRAWFORD PIERCE,
HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS.
Smiley Manse, Springfield, Vermont.

Show of Hands, Please

SIR:—I'm getting pretty sick of the Literary I. Q. It's so highbrow lately that no one, not a Ph.D. in English Literature, could possibly answer it. Take the recent one! I'll venture to say that not one reader in a thousand ever read Jean de Belges, or Fontenelle, or ever got to Book X in "Paradise Lost." And then the phoney playfulness of including Hell's a Poppin. Really, why not get back on the ground again?

LAURENCE P. DODGE.

Newbury, Mass.



Let the War Wait

SIR:—Even in the purlieus of the uninitiate the word has surely gone around by now that a new Sherlock Holmes story has come to light from the recesses of a travel-worn and battered tin dispatch-box, found among the papers of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle but bearing the name of John H. Watson, M.D., upon its lid.

To the Baker Street Irregulars the discovery is cosmic in its import. To lovers of the Master everywhere it holds the promise of a blessing and a boon. To those who have never sat enthralled in the rooms in Baker Street it can mean the opening of a door to new delights in a world of sheer enchantment.

But only if the story is published!

No "lack of merit," such as is reputed to the tale, could ever serve to diminish in the slightest the stature of the Great Man or the reputation of his creator. Neither this nor any other unholy argument designed to justify suppression could have validity in any court of human conscience. The world is too eager, too insistent, for *more*—no matter *what*—of Sherlock Holmes! Who will stand with the embattled Irregulars in their clamor for immediate subsumption of this new Revelation into the full canon of the Sacred Writings?

EDGAR W. SMITH.
Buttons, B.S.I.

New York.

Did Twain and Whitman Meet?

SIR:—Your letter from Cecil Clemens interests me, of course, because I remember so well, 1887 in fact, my niece, then bedside nurse for Walt Whitman, telling me that of all the subscriptions sent by kind friends to buy the cottage for him—none pleased Walt more than Mark Twain's (Samuel Clemens). Surely Mr. Twain would not have subscribed to that fund if he had never read any of Walt's poems "inkling through random types" ("Chant of the Broadaxe"). Please tell Mr. Cecil Clemens my supposition is yes.

Always before going South for cold weather I look over my old family papers. I am too old now to appreciate a sense of humor but all of us cousins certainly thought much of Walt's writing was funnier than Mark Twain. I'm sorry so many of the relics were damaged by wet weather this summer; my grandfather, old Burgomaster Van Velsor, unfortunately dug his cellar at Cold Spring Harbor in a well-spring.

E. VAN VELSOR.

Harbor Inn,
Coldspring Harbor, L. I.

P. S. Excuse me borrowing my granddaughter's typewriter as my hand is now arthritic.

Information, Please

SIR:—Madeleine B. Stern, author of "The Life of Margaret Fuller," is at work on a biography of Louisa May Alcott, and will appreciate hearing from anyone who owns letters or documents that bear upon Miss Alcott's life and career. Miss Stern may be reached at 317 West 99th Street, New York City.

MADELEINE B. STERN.

New York City.

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Mr. Gilbert Pursues the Octaves

The Story About and Within the Book

LOST CHORDS: The Diverting Story of American Popular Songs. By Douglas Gilbert. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50. Octavo (large size), 377 pages, circa 100,000 words. Set in Janson 11-point type with 3-point lead. Wide margins, readable. Chapters broken up with boldface subheads. Cost to Doubleday of composition and plating was approximately $1,200 to make (not including cost of printing and binding). Two indexes—one general, the other of popular songs. Jacket of gay '90s drawings in 3 color process, design and typography, by A. P. Tedesco. Wrapper drawings and title page spot drawings by Lucian Gregori. Advance sale to bookstores before publication (September 11): 1,500 copies.

Reviewed by CHARLES FERGUSON

GENESIS: When Oscar Levant's "Smattering of Ignorance" came out, Douglas Gilbert, feature writer on the staff of the New York *World-Telegram*, interviewed Levant. The interview was under the publisher's auspices and turned out to be something of a party. In the course of the interview Gilbert asked Levant why he didn't do a history of popular songs. Levant couldn't be bothered. A few days later Gilbert got a letter from Kenneth McCormick, respected Doubleday editor, who had been inconspicuous at the interview party. McCormick asked Gilbert why he didn't undertake the book.

The idea appealed to Gilbert and he submitted a 1,500-word outline. This approved, he got a contract (Curtis Brown, agent) and a handsome advance—$1,500 in instalments (average advance is between $500 and $750). Gilbert hired three girls to do research. Later he cut out all distractions, including alcohol, and finished the research himself. Through the unflagging aid of Jack Murphy, veteran vaudeville artist, Gilbert was able to recapture and check many lost chords. Other contacts made through the author's earlier book, "American Vaudeville," were a help.

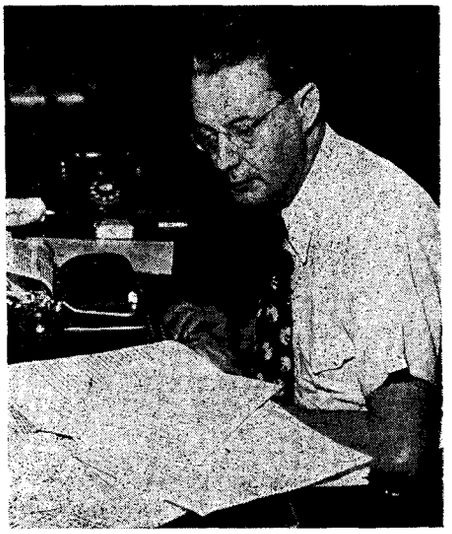
After two years of digging, correspondence, and travel, Gilbert wrote the book in a year, continuing meanwhile his work at the *World-Telegram*. In the heat of research he hit upon the notion of telling the story of America through the words and circumstances of its popular songs. Originally he had started out to write simply an account of the way these songs developed. As he went on he decided to write a history of the manners—a social history—of the United States in terms of its ditties. No music is included—both author and publisher agreeing with the dictum of Carl Sandburg set forth in "The American Songbag":

> The song history of America, when some day it gets written, will accomplish two things. It will give the feel and atmosphere, the layout and lingo, of regions, of breeds of men, of customs and slogans, in a manner and air not given in regular history, to be read and not sung.

GETTING IT OUT: The contract was signed February 20, 1940. The manuscript was completed and turned over to the publisher in March this year. The title, provided by the author, came in May. The book was put through for setting on May 28, but the next step in manufacture was delayed because Doubleday encountered difficulty in getting permission to quote some of the 150-odd songs included. Gilbert could have written another book the size of "Lost Chords" on songs that had to be left out, chiefly because they were too bawdy. Most of these rejections were made by the author. Others were put up to the publisher in what McCormick calls a tentative "take-it-out-if-you-think-the-Post-Office-would-fall-on-us-if-we-left-it-in" basis. Doubleday disclaims any prissiness in making its rejections. Most of those left out were of the barroom and cat house variety, with no holds barred.

AUTHOR: Douglas Gilbert, now 53, was born in Rochester. Save for two years in Denver, beginning in 1921, he has been around New York all his life. He worked on the old New York *World*, then went to the New York *Telegram* to build up its feature department before the *Telegram* absorbed what was left of the *World*. He has been with the merged papers ever since, working as a rewrite man in the main, and doing frequent feature stories on the side.

His interest in the period covered by "Lost Chords" is genuine and of long standing. He is the author of "American Vaudeville," published two years ago, and he revels in the joys and sorrows of the golden era of American life. He is a stylist of parts and interested in books, having a notable collection of first editions, and none of them, he insists, with their pages uncut. He is a volatile person, talkative but trained in listening, so that he makes an excellent conversationalist.



Douglas Gilbert, New York newspaperman whose suggestion to Oscar Levant for a book bounced back on himself.

APPEAL: Written in a swiftly paced style, "Lost Chords" is pleasant and easy to read, and it has some of the zest and gusto of its subject matter—an enthusiasm that communicates itself to the reader. Hence the book should be warmly received by the general reader as well as by those addicted to period literature, casual collectors of Americana, and moderate students of social behavior, of what *The New Yorker* calls Incidental Intelligence—by-products of earnest research that sweeten the reader's experience in passing. (The first taxi-dancers appeared in the '80s and were called spielers. To spiel originally meant to dance, p. 166.)

DRAWBACKS: The deficiencies of the book inhere in its scope. It tries to cover too much ground. Thus episodes are at times so compressed that they appear without all their meaning. (The Beecher trail, p. 99 ff. is a case in point). The author's tendency to race through history makes him at times seem glib and superficial—whereas the honesty and thoroughness of his research prove quite the opposite. Also the book is necessarily miscellaneous, changes the subject often. Anecdotes and incidents whet an appetite for further details that the author does not have space to supply.

PROMOTION: "Lost Chords" was offered to the Book-of-the-Month Club for recommendation but not for selection, being somewhat special in character. Doubleday plans no special promotion stunts, but has relied largely on Gilbert's radio interviews and on radio reviews, and a normal advertising schedule. The publishers will need to sell 3,100 copies before they overtake their plant cost and make money.

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Tales of Varied Sort

ALL IN OUR DAY. By Manuel Komroff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 355 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY SHAW

Manuel Komroff

"THE PUBLIC," wrote Guy de Maupassant, "is composed of numerous groups who cry to us writers: 'Console me, amuse me, make me sad, make me sympathetic, make me dream, make me laugh, make me shudder, make me weep, make me think.'" The public has not cried in vain to Mr. Komroff, for the thirty stories in this collection are widely and richly varied in their emotional appeal. As the author points out in a disarming foreword, "A Story Teller's Note about Story Writing," they embrace a "whole world of storm, stress, chance, and doom."

The appearance of this volume is heartening, for it reveals that the plight of the short story—several years' steady decline both qualitatively and quantitatively—is merely serious, not hopeless. Also, this anthology is suitable tribute to a writer who has stuck to his last for a quarter of a century. Finally, it places in at least some degree of permanence a few of the topnotch short narratives produced in recent years.

For Mr. Komroff is a gifted teller of tales. Not for him the utterly plotless story of mood, the vague, the esoteric. His stories have a beginning, a middle, and an end, despite his rather ingenuous plea that he is not always a conventional writer. He fully realizes that feeling is an important part of living, that we live by our emotions more than we acknowledge. He knows that all good fiction makes a primary appeal to our hearts rather than our heads. And these stories, originally appearing for the most part in magazines of large circulation, move easily, smoothly, from the writer's imaginings into our own understanding. Few contemporary writers have profited more than Mr. Komroff from Schopenhauer's comment about the difficulties of communication: "Thought so far follows the law of gravity that it moves more easily from head to paper than from paper to head."

The author has grouped these stories which "have lingered" in his mind in eleven "Tales of War," fourteen "Tales of Peace," and five "Strange Tales." The first group contains the best story in the collection, "Tomorrow! Tomorrow!", a powerful evocation of the undying hope of mankind in face of torture and horror. The theme is distinctive, the technique superb. But the other stories of war bear unmistakable signs of topicalness, hurried workmanship, a too obvious reliance upon melodrama. Mr. Komroff has lived and traveled in many parts of the world, but not even he can cover this global war in fiction. These narratives, with settings in China, Spain, Poland, and elsewhere, are obviously contrived and do not possess authenticity and power. Similarly, the five "strange tales," which appear at the end of the volume, are not sound in idea or execution. The author is not at his best in dealing with fantasy, unrelieved horror, and sheer melodrama.

Among the "tales of peace," however, may be found the bulk of Mr. Komroff's most distinguished stories. Several of these are thematically powerful and masterfully developed. Unmistakable is the story-telling magic of "Hamlet's Dagger," "A Red Coat for Night," "Napoleon's Hat under Glass," and "How Does It Feel to Be Free!" These four plus "Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" are quite sufficient to place the author among the ranks of those who can appeal not only to the emotions but also to the mind, who can make people laugh and cry, who can make them dream and make them shudder, but can also carry out Maupassant's final dictum and make readers think. These five stories, more than any others in the collection, place understandable people in universally understood predicaments with resultant artistry of the first rank.

But it is unreasonable to expect uniform distinction of any writer. The author, were he so minded, could point to his own "A Red Coat for Night" as answer to any strictures on his work. For it is a vivid fictional account of an episode in the life of Maupassant which pleads for recognition of the unreal in life and, by implication, for understanding of the frailties of all short story writers. Let it serve as Mr. Komroff's dramatic and effective reply to all carping reviewers.

Portrait of a Young Girl

COME SLOWLY EDEN. By Laura Benét. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 272 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THOSE readers who know Emily Dickinson through her poetry alone will make certain fresh discoveries in this novel about her. Emily was a happy child, a very gay and frolicsome girl. Her delight in living was no secret thing, but a whole and hearty experience expressed in games, adventure, talk. Her social existence, in the youthful years, was full. She had the closest of ties with her parents, brother and sister, and a covey of girl friends. This is, in fact, the portrait of a girl happily blooming, loved and loving, moving easily in a comfortable milieu, who could write in a letter such adolescent romantics as this: "I expect I shall be the belle of Amherst when I reach my 17th year. I don't doubt that I shall have perfect crowds of admirers at that age. *Then* how I shall delight to make them await my bidding . . ." Miss Benét has made a charming narrative of these years. The story seems filled with fragrance and laughter and the long, happy thoughts of youth. It is a poetic narrative, as it should be, written of a poet by one who is a poet herself.

Turning from this to the poems again, we are struck by the contrast, having passed from light into shadow. We know all too well the later Emily, who was a recluse, and who asked in her poems, many times, for excuse from pain, and "those little anodynes that deaden suffering" and "the liberty to die." Of this later Emily we get only the faintest suggestion. Miss Benét makes reference to Emily's friendships with Ben Newton and George Gould, and to her later meeting with the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, but on the whole these seem premonitory experiences, and do not shadow the essentially bright fabric of the story. "Come Slowly Eden" is the first half of Emily's life, and ends just before the beginning of mystery and mysticism, even before she has written very much poetry. Perhaps Miss Benét will do another study, of the later, darker years.

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TRADE WINDS

AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, booksellers—and heaven help us, the customers—slip off each day into the service, but the envious souls who still hang onto the sidelines seek to beat off that empty and sickening sense of precious time wasted by going through the old motions a little bit more stridently and aggressively than ever before. Book review sections start bulging again with full-page "ads." New novels and war books pile up in alarming confusion on the reviewers' desks. Booksellers begin wondering which of the "ideal solutions for your Christmas problems" they will put in their windows, or indeed bother to stock at all. Mail-order ads are pulling as they never have before. "Have you read next year's tax schedules?" "Did you hear that married men with children will be going by Spring?" The orchestra is playing "Good Night, Sweetheart"; let's make this last dance a hummer . . .

THE BATTLE of the war pictorial albums will soon begin. Doubleday, Doran is off to an impressive start with Harry B. Henderson and Herman C. Morris's "War in Our Time," a connected analysis in pictures and text of the world chaos since 1931. This book is due before the end of the month, and will have the field to itself until February, when an album of war pictures from *Life* will be published by Simon and Schuster, with a commentary by Quincy Howe. Both books will undoubtedly run up enormous sales. When Van Cartmell, our grizzled old collaborator on numerous play anthologies, brought us advance proofs of "War in Our Time" from Doubleday, our first reaction was to the effect that we had seen plenty of war pictures in the newspapers and weekly magazines, and that in book form we preferred the art of Walt Disney. After Van had left, however, and we had opened the safe again, we spent the next hour studying the proofs of his book in fascinated absorption . . . Fall publishing lists have been cut to the very bone. The Macmillan catalogue is down to 176 pages . . . Theodore Dreiser reached an all-time low for bad taste and malice with an interview in Canada in which he gave his all to cause dissension between the American, English, and Canadian people. Mr. Dreiser should have saved the title "An American Tragedy" for his own autobiography . . .

A REFUGEE from Occupied France brings a heartening story of a Paris book shop that replaced its customary display of new publications one morning with enormous portraits of Hitler and Laval. Between the two was a single, chastely bound little book. It was Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." When our informant got out, the painter-issimo's watchdogs were still blissfully unaware . . . Columbia University Press vows that it received an order for Dr. Maestro's monograph on "Voltaire and Beccaria as Reformers of Criminal Law" from a Corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. All the really tough babies from Hudson Bay lit out for Paramount years ago . . . Elmer Davis, in the act of giving his publisher the necessary permission to melt down the plates of one of his old and forgotten tomes (it was "Show Window," published in 1927), remarked, "I regret that I have only fourteen out-of-print books to give to my country!" . . .

A discouraged young novelist was fingering his drink listlessly at the Plaza a few days back. "I know I'll never win the Pulitzer Prize," he declared. "Of course you won't," responded his publisher cheerily, "but wouldn't you rather have the critics say 'Why DIDN'T this writer get the Pulitzer Prize' than 'Why DID he get it?'" . . . At an adjoining table the narrator of an anecdote found himself stumped for a name. "What IS the name of that ham in Hollywood?" he appealed to Marc Connelly. "What IS the name of that coal in Newcastle?" shot back Mr. C. . . . Actress Ruth Hussey, 29, the *New York Telegram* informs us, met C. Robert Longenecker, 33, radio man, while the pair were browsing in a bookstore a few months ago, and now they are married. Confound this incomplete reporting! What was the name of the bookstore? And more important still, did they buy any books? . . .

TO PEOPLE in the book business, Harry Scherman has always been known and respected as the head of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The outside world, however, knows him better as a sound economist. His recent article, "Invisible Greenbacks," has probably had a wider circulation in a shorter time than any other piece in the history of American journalism. It appeared practically simultaneously in the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *Reader's Digest,* and *Ladies' Home Journal.* Over a thousand newspapers reprinted it. It was dramatized over NBC. Private organizations have mailed out over 2,000,000 reprints to date, and the Investment Bankers Association declares that it really hasn't started yet! Even Mr. Gallup couldn't figure the number of people who have already read or heard "Invisible Greenbacks," or who will be exposed to it in

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coming weeks. Since Mr. Scherman's piece explains in crystal-clear language how the purchase of War Bonds by everybody is the one sure way to avoid a runaway inflation, and since the most phlegmatic citizen cannot read it without running, checkbook in hand, for his nearest bank, Trade Winds pauses to give a few lusty cheers. This is the kind of writing that gives meaning to the Council of Books in Wartime's slogan "Books are bullets!" This is the kind of writing that all those high-faluting government agencies should be turning out—but aren't!

MAJOR JOHN WINTERICH has very properly pinned back your correspondent's ears for a frightful bloomer in a recent piece on Gertrude Stein. We reported that Miss Stein was now living "about thirty miles from the once fashionable spa of Aix-la-Chapelle." What we meant to say, of course, was Aix-les-Bains. Aix-la-Chapelle was about as fashionable a spa as Butte, Montana. Major Winterich writes, "The last time I saw it was on the way from Brussels to Cologne, in a driving rain that concealed even the spires of the Cathedral where Charlemagne is buried" . . . W. Somerset Maugham attended the world premiere of the film version of his "Moon and Sixpence" at Edgartown, Massachusetts, and established a staggering precedent when he announced immediately thereafter that not only was he completely satisfied with the performance, but that the sale of screen rights to any book was just that much velvet to the author. The funniest squawk that I ever heard on this subject came from the witty E. Arnot Robertson when Mr. Cecil De Mille, with the assistance of Claudette Colbert in what today would be called a sarong, filmed her story of the Indo-Chinese jungle, "Four Frightened People." "How did you like it?" queried DeMille eagerly after the preview. Miss Robertson reflected a moment. "Mr. De Mille," she said slowly, "do you remember the roar of an off-stage lion that came in somewhere about reel three? Well, I do believe that you took that straight from my story!"

ANOTHER notable film occasion was the first showing of Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive." At its conclusion, somebody said, "You can't convince me that the shots of all those wild animals at the water hole was on the level. If Buck was really hiding in the reeds with his camera, at least one of the animals would have smelled him!" "I can't answer for the animals," commented Mr. Woollcott wryly, "but I was sitting in the last row of the balcony, and I could certainly smell him from there!" . . .

ALVA JOHNSTON'S hilarious three-part dissertation on Hollywood agents in the *Satevepost* just about disposed of that provocative subject for the next ten years, but here's an English story told from the opposite point of view. Charlie Evans of Heinemann's, writes John Hadfield in the *London Bookseller,* had just put over an immensely successful novel by a comparative unknown, and took the author to his club one day to celebrate at lunch. As they got out of the taxi the author asked what the latest sales figures were. He was given the figure —about twenty times greater than the sale of anything he had written hitherto. For a second a glint of satisfaction showed in the author's face. Then he frowned, made a swift calculation, and gloomily remarked, "So that damned agent of mine has netted over five hundred pounds!" . . .

UP FOR SALE at Sotheby's famous London auction rooms recently was a letter described conservatively in the catalogue as "one of the most extraordinary" ever offered. Brief and to the point, and written by the noted English novelist Anthony Trollope to an Irish colleen in 1851, it said:

My Dearest Miss Dorothea Sankey:

My affectionate and most excellent wife is, as you are aware, still living—and I am proud to say her health is good. Nevertheless, it is always well to take time by the forelock and be prepared for all events. Should anything happen to her, will you supply her place—as soon as a proper period of decent mourning is over?

Till then, I am your devoted servant.

Research discloses that Trollope married a Miss Rose Heseltine in Dublin in 1844. When he wrote this letter to the mysterious Miss Sankey he was in the "dangerous forties." When he died at the age of sixty-seven, his "affectionate and most excellent wife" was still living, which left "dearest Dorothea" very definitely holding the bag—and the letter. Today it is a choice collector's item.

MOSS HART'S next play will be fashioned from Howard Fast's novel "The Unvanquished" . . . Another author with an almost finished play manuscript up his sleeve is William Shirer. He's been working on it, more or less surreptitiously, for a year and a half. . . . Elizabeth Chevalier, author of the best-selling novel "Drivin' Woman," wrote in a letter to Macmillan, "Have you heard the one about the novelist who met an old friend? After they had talked for two hours, the novelist said, 'Now we've talked about me long enough—let's talk about you! What did you think of my last novel'?" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MUSICIANS IN LITERATURE

Literary characters often have occasion to demonstrate their musical talents. Do you remember what instrument was played by those mentioned below? From 3 to 5 correct answers is par, 6 or 7 is very good, and 8 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. In Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes," the instrument that Porphyro played to the sleeping Madeline was the
cithara French horn lute saxophone ukelele

2. Supiyawlet, the Burma girl in Kipling's "The Road to Mandalay," played the
bag pipe banjo flute mouth organ tambourine

3. Sherlock Holmes, as we learn from Dr. Watson, was a capable performer on the
clarinet concertina jew's-harp piano violin

4. The Owl who eloped with the Pussy Cat, in the poem by Edward Lear, played a
guitar kettle drum trombone tuba xylophone

5. Because of a morbid acuteness of the senses, the only music that Roderick Usher could bear to hear was that of the
guitar hurdy gurdy oboe virginal zither

6. In Molnar's "The Guardsman," whenever the actress felt the need of a change in lovers she would play the
cello harp ocarina phonograph piano

7. In Browning's "Abt Vogler," the court chaplain is extemporizing on the
clavichord glockenspiel harp organ piano

8. When Nanki-Poo, son of the Mikado, was disguised as a wandering minstrel, he carried a
Chinese fiddle guitar mandolin musical saw samisen

9. Wild animals, and even rocks and trees, came to listen when Orpheus played his
flageolet harp lute lyre pan pipes

10. The musical obbligato for the Ancient Mariner's tale was furnished by a
bassoon cornet double bass pianoforte sistrum

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The Phoenix Nest

IT is natural in wartime that many familiar things about one's country should take on an especial significance. They seem to develop into clarity like negatives in a dark-room. We were thinking again of place-names the other day. Do you remember a poem of Robert Louis Stevenson's in which the name "Ticonderoga" figures significantly? Vachel Lindsay made a poem bringing out the full power resident in the great syllables of "Niagara." We cannot do as well as that, but one afternoon the following seemed to evolve itself, from reading and memory:

SHENANDOAH

Shenandoah, Shenandoah . . . Stonewall Jackson through the Valley,
Glory of the fighting South, whose dashing horsemen ride and rally,
Sabering Milroy in the mountains, halting Frémont, slaughtering Banks,
Turning East to Harper's Ferry, shaking Federals from their flanks,
Striking fear to Washington with swift and sudden shift and sally...
Shenandoah, Shenandoah . . . Stonewall Jackson through the Valley!

Shenandoah, Shenandoah . . . Turn of leaves with red October;
Rebel yell at dawn-attack with Cedar Creek to splash them sober;
Then, that fiery horseman spurring, then those faltering lines reformed,
Then the rout of Early's army from the breastworks lately stormed.
Fury of the turning tide; that lightning ride and glorious rally . . .
Shenandoah, Shenandoah . . . brave Phil Sheridan through the Valley!

Shenandoah, Shenandoah . . . Indian music through our story,
Battle colors blent together in the grandeur of Old Glory;
North and South and East and West, in the testing knit as one,
How we march to face the rising, and the sinking, of the Sun.
Woodsmoke name of old renown, above our Blue Ridge rise, and rally
Men of jungle, air, and ocean, through Death's gunfire-litten Valley—
Trumpeter dark upon the skyline, sound for victory down the Valley!

Air Warriors

A book we have heard something about and want very badly is Russell Whelan's "The Flying Tigers." It was endorsed by Harvey K. Greenlaw, chief of staff of the American Volunteer Group and second in command to General Claire L. Chennault, who arrived in New York not long ago. The book ought to be out on the 19th. For a parallel to the Tigers, you have to hark back to the old "Yale gang" under Trubee Davison or the Lafayette Escadrille in the last war, that began under Captain Georges Thénault at Luxeuil. It is a far cry today from a "pusher" Voisin armed with a Hotchkiss gun, or a "Parasol" with a carbine-armed passenger, to these days of Flying Fortresses. The French in the last war actually had only eighty planes to begin with. The Ace machine, the baby Nieuport, achieved the incredible speed of ninety-five miles an hour!

Rilke in Translation

John L. Foley tells us that the Columbia University Press, on October 15th, will publish a complete translation of the poems of the German poet, Rilke, by Jessie Lemont, with a foreword by Dr. Henry W. Wells. This should set the capstone to the many and varied translations of Rilke, who has had a considerable vogue in this country for the past three or four years.

Ghost of Sauk City!

August Derleth of Sauk City, Wisconsin, remarks:

> Imagine if you can my astonishment to discover that, after all these years of making a nuisance of myself in print and out, I don't "sound quite real" as announced in the *Phoenix Nest* of 9-12! It has been suspected before, I admit, that I am not quite real, and I have obliquely been called a one-man fiction factory—but nobody has heretofore come out quite so directly. Ah, well! I have always maintained that my publishers' publicity departments weren't doing right by yours truly!

He tells us, in his spectral way, that Lovecraft's "The Outsider and Others" will soon be out of print—so send for your copy at once! Its sale has been steady, ever since it was first published in December, 1939. He says we ought to know Clark Ashton Smith, too. So he is sending us a copy of "Out of Space and Time," their most recent title. But we *do* know Mr. Smith's work—we knew of it years ago, when George Sterling on the Pacific Coast praised his early poetry. We do not know him as a writer of weird stories—as we hope they are; but as a young man in, we think, Oregon, he wrote extraordinary rhetoric at that time. Mr. Derleth has a black owl against a yellow moon on his letterhead. We envy it greatly!

The Young Printer

Charles Kelly of Torrey, Utah, sends us the following, of interest to small-magazine fans:

> When I was twelve years old—that would be in 1901—my father ran a print shop at 394-402 55th Street, Chicago. After we had been there a few months, we discovered another small print shop had moved into a room across the hall. It had a footpower press and a few cases of type. Naturally I was curious to know something about our new neighbors in the same line of business, but getting information was a difficult job. I finally learned that the print shop was operated by a young man about 25 years old, and that this young man edited and personally printed a little magazine called *The Black Cat*. As I remember him, he was dark, rather good-looking and pleasant, but kept his business to himself. We supposed he wrote all the stuff appearing in the magazine, but since father supervised all our reading matter, we children never were able to get hold of a copy of the mysterious publication. Within a year or two the offices of *The Black Cat* were moved elsewhere. Occasionally I saw copies of *The Black Cat* on magazine stands. Then we left Chicago and I never heard of it again.

Finally, "The Wee"

Pamela Harnett of Chicago sends us an appreciative letter about the "Wee MacGreegor." She recalls the famous rhyme that he recited for Aunt Purdie and the assembled relatives:

> Yin, twa, three!
> My mither ctached a flea!
> We roastit it, and toastit it,
> An' had it to wur tea."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be, He played an ancient ditty. . . ."
2. "She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing *Kulla-lo-lo!*
3. "He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation." The Sign of Four, Ch. VIII.
4. "The Owl looked up to the moon above, And sang to a small guitar."
5. "He thus confined himself upon the guitar. . . ."
6. "She gazes out of the window and plays Chopin; when she doesn't gaze out of the window she plays Chopin—she weeps when she's alone. . . ."
7. ". . . the manifold music I build, Bidding my organ obey. . . ."
8. "Enter Nanki-Poo in great excitement. He carries a guitar on his back and bundle of ballads in his hand."
9. "Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain tops that freeze Bow themselves when he did sing." Henry VIII.
10. "The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon."

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A Striking Verse Play

THE REVOLUTIONISTS. By Selden Rodman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 195 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHEN one reflects that our own acquisition of Louisiana was, in one way, the result of the successful slave uprising in Santo Domingo that caused Napoleon to give up his colonizing scheme, and —since he needed money for a new war with England—to sell all Louisiana to us for fifteen million, one perceives special interest for Americans in Selden Rodman's "The Revolutionists!" Thus in one parcel we received more land than the original thirteen states encompassed; and the purchase strangely entailed, not only the discussed secession of Massachusetts, but also the death of Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr, and the chimaerical fabric that rose from Burr's highly inventive mind upon fabulous Blennerhassett Island! The ramifications of history truly surpass the developments of fiction!

Let us confine ourselves, however, to Mr. Rodman's poetic drama of the revolt of the slaves of Haiti; of the moderate, Toussaint L'Ouverture; the extremist Dessalines; and Henry Christophe, the Dictator. He acknowledges the helpfulness, in a study of the situation, of "The Black Jacobins," by C. L. R. James, on the one hand, and "The French Revolution in San Domingo," by Lothrop Stoddard, on the other; these representing respectively the radical and the conservative attitudes toward the historical event. He has also consulted Vandercook's "Black Majesty" and other pertinent works. He has tried, not unsuccessfully, to simplify the complexity of the progress of the revolution. The book of his play is eminently readable, and has been made into an exceptionally attractive volume by his publishers, with stunning illustrations by Rudolf C. von Ripper.

Mr. Rodman is one of the most ambitious of our younger poets, and one most definitely possessed of a sense of drama, with which he combines an excitement about life that most modern poets lack. In lieu of stage directions, he prefaces each scene except the last of his drama, "to relieve the strain of reading what in action's plain," with italicized commentary. In eschewing what used to be known as "closet drama," he has evolved a tough and tightened diction that consorts both with ancient dignities and modern speech. Milton would certainly not have recognized Mr. Rodman's blank verse as blank verse at all. The great Puritan's carefully syllabic Latinity and architectonic building of the verse-paragraph has nothing to do with this modern's rough semi-prose. On the other hand, most of the great poets found it impossible to write for the stage—however hard Browning and Tennyson may have tried. Mr. Rodman has studied the situation more realistically. Occasional speeches

Selden Rodman

would undoubtedly have to be cut in rehearsal; but, as a general thing, he exhibits more realization of the limitations—and possibilities—of his medium than is common to most poets.

To come right down to it, this is a swift-moving and exciting historical play. Mr. Rodman has felt his material emotionally and "got inside" of it. I, for one, should like to see and hear it, with actors. I should say that it will probably need condensation. The panoramic may have to be stressed, as it is the story of the whole course of a revolution, and is, so far, multifold. It does not concentrate on any one phase. So far as Mr. Rodman's creation of the personalities of his various characters is concerned it seems very good. If there is no great and memorable verse here, the book, nevertheless, adds another living voice to the literature of liberty.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 445)

P. F. DUNNE:

COLLEGES AND DEGREES

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The Daily Record of David Lawrence

DIARY OF A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT. By David Lawrence. New York: Kinsey & Company. 1942. 356 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DAVID LAWRENCE has reported the Washington scene for thirty-two years during which he has often demonstrated the possession of a remarkable news-sense, first-class newspaper intuition, and unusual interpretive and analytical powers. Starting out as an admirer of Woodrow Wilson and his doctrines (he was an undergraduate at Princeton when Wilson was its president), and a liberal of the New Freedom type, Mr. Lawrence has become one of the outstanding conservative correspondents at the Capital. As this volume shows, what he is now most concerned about is the preservation of the "free enterprise" system and those who worry him most, after Hitler, are the extremists in the New Deal. A genuine democrat at heart, he has none the less failed to identify himself with those who have recognized that if monopoly and the big business control which Woodrow Wilson challenged for two brief years were not ended there would be little chance indeed for the survival of our variety of democracy. As the publisher of a weekly, formerly a daily, chiefly for business men, he has naturally not been a reformer. Yet he has sought to report happenings with considerable objectivity so far as his viewpoint has permitted.

This volume of his brings together a number of carefully selected articles of the grist he turns out so facilely for a considerable group of dailies, and it must be said at once that they read a great deal better in this juxtaposition than in pages hot from the press. His idea has been to put in less perishable form his record of those two most fateful years from May, 1940, to May, 1942, and it was well worthwhile to preserve thus his conservative point of view, his prognostications, his mistakes, and his correct diagnoses.

The most striking facts about Mr. Lawrence's chronicle are first that he saw far in advance of most others that we were inevitably headed for the war and would surely enter it, and that he often had a rare insight into what was really going on behind the scenes. That he was frequently inconsistent merely means that he was in the category of most of us political commentators. Thus, as far back as June 1, 1940, he wrote that "the inevitability of American entrance into the world war is in the background of almost everybody's mind here, although nobody officially will predict it." Yet on April 3, 1941, he said that "the President is betting by his policies that Hitler will not declare war. In fact the whole American program, its boldness, and its venturesomeness, is based on a deep-seated conviction that it is wholly inexpedient for Hitler to declare war on the United States or to recognize various actions of ours as acts of war." With his habitual tendency to support each Administration in its conduct of foreign relations, Mr. Lawrence acquits the President of having broken his promise to the American people never to send their sons into a foreign war by reminding us that Mr. Roosevelt added "unless America is attacked."

As for Japan, on September 27, 1940, Mr. Lawrence stated that "war between the United States and Japan must be envisioned as a possibility in the near future." He repeated this warning again. Yet in February, 1941, he was calling for an "Anglo-American-Japanese entente" as something much more rational than a German-Italian-Japanese alliance. And on December 3, 1941, four days before Pearl Harbor, he wrote: "Japan and the United States are supposed to be on the verge of war. But this seems to be true nowhere but in the headlines!" It has never been easy to understand why not one of our brilliant Washington correspondents has ever had an intelligent opinion on military and naval affairs or even tried to be really informed on them. Otherwise Mr. Lawrence could hardly have been so sure before Pearl Harbor that the American Navy could easily handle a war with Japan, nor have been so surprised to discover that General Short and Admiral Kimmel were less to blame than the whole system which some of us had been criticizing for years—with no help from him or his colleagues.

Some of Mr. Lawrence's other judgments were that "a concentrated all-out effort to win the war by November, 1942, would probably save private capitalism in America." Again, on April 3, 1941, he believed that "if war is formally declared, America becomes transformed overnight into an efficient industrial machine," which hardly jibes with what has actually happened. Regrettable is his attempt to prove that opposition to the efforts to put us into the war was largely Nazi-inspired propaganda. Nonetheless, Mr. Lawrence's batting average is high among the commentators, and his frequently uncanny intuition as to the real meaning of events deserves full and just recognition.

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From Masters to Master Villa

ALONG THE ILLINOIS. By Edgar Lee Masters. Illinois: James A. Decker. 1942. 85 *pp.* $2.

A DAY IN MANHATTAN. By A. M. Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 112 *pp.* $2.

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER. By Randall Jarrell. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1942. 82 *pp.* $2.

CHORUS FOR AMERICA. Edited by Carlos Bulosan. Los Angeles: Wagon & Star. 1942. 39 *pp.*

LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Carlos Bulosan. Illinois: James A. Decker. 1942. 67 *pp.* $2.

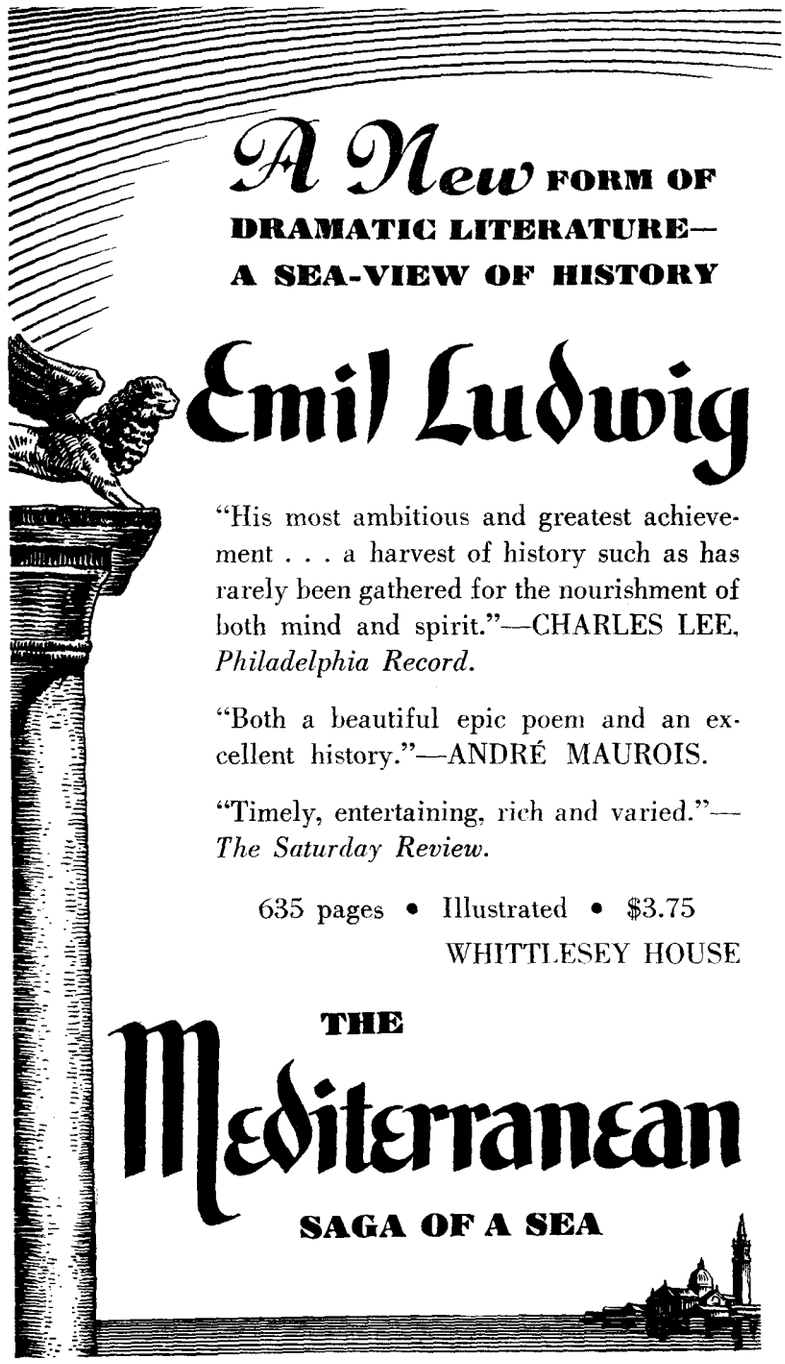
HAVE COME AM HERE. By Jose Garcia Villa. New York: Viking Press. 1942. 152 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE old poets who improve with age are rare on this planet of ours and rare indeed in America. And there are certain veterans whose mental resilience is strong enough to combat a physical decline and whose work still reveals a vitality of style or integrity. It is good to feel them maintaining, if not developing, what drew our interest at first and continues to draw. But alas for a third group who should have stopped working before the decline of their mental energies or who should have spared their admirers from another new book dashed off and rushed to the printers. One feels this to be the case of Edgar Lee Masters and his latest volume, "Along the Illinois," a wretched and garrulous performance in which there are few reminders of "Spoon River" or the "Domesday Book." Most incredible are those poems in classic meters whose lines refuse to scan no matter how often you read them, especially "The Ballad of Ruby Lucas." Read aloud, this work is frightfully funny, and unintentially so, and one feels ashamed for laughing so helplessly. One turns with relief, after much painful searching, to a poem like "The Pear Tree" and wishes there were more fruits like these. One wonders how a man who could write that poem could write all these others and pack them into one crate, the good and the rotten together. A first rate critic of other folk, Masters has lost the even more important power of self-criticism and indulges himself as he would never indulge his fellows.

A. M. Sullivan, President of the Poetry Society of America, has done more for other poets than he has ever attempted for himself and more for radio than radio has properly acknowledged. He comes to us now with a much better book and smaller reputation than Masters', a book containing five chorales for the air that read quite as well as they must have sounded in production. Strip away the slick mechanics from the weekly masterpieces of Corwin and Oboler and you find much less substance or poetry than you find in the work of Sullivan. The Jersey Irishman is a conscientious humanist who gives what he can to all causes, whether social, economic, or religious. And he uses downright reality to serve his romantic nature. Rhetorical though he is at times, the poet applies the breaks of the colloquial just in time or saves an exalted scene with a witty epigram. His ear for old balladry has aided in the composition of rituals based on the commonplace. And Sullivan is a cultivated man whose regard for history is not dragged in for effect. As an experienced radio artist he knows you can roam all time and space in next to no time at all. But he also knows the limits of radio; and the limits form imposes on an author; and the limits of that author as well. He works within a certain order and is modest enough to believe in clarity as a means of communication.

Randall Jarrell's "Blood for a Stranger" is a first book by a youth-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ful Southerner who was born to be metaphysical, or was trained to become metaphysical by his immediate forbears, Ransom, Tate, and Warren. His muse is the muse of a brave defeatist determined to see the worm in advance of all things and the graveyard in all events, a note we have met before in a younger generation, or the younger before this one and the younger before that. The resultant self-torment tends to cheat the reader of all enjoyment if that defenseless fellow is asked to join still another funeral and to march with the doleful to the tune of the same old dirge. And so the poor fellow, who is doubtless wretched enough in the first place, turns to some other procession or opens another volume. Your true reader, however, is a more impersonal fellow who turns to books, not for panaceas, but for a new adventure in the art of living through poetry. Such a reader will find occasional rewards in Jarrell's melancholy company and hope for still more in the next volume.

There is something much more irresistible in the poems of José Garcia Villa, a youthful Filippino who comes to us through our own language and who has enriched that language with delightful inventions. And there is a greater struggle than the earthly struggle with death; the battle here is with God and the being of the poet, a modern Lucifer allied to a Christ who was crucified in vain. This is an old theme, too, but not in the hands of this Spaniard. For he, the Created being, is superior to God, or much more certain of himself than he is of the Father. There is no describing the ecstasy in this volume, "Have Come Am Here," and the boldness of imagery and revolutionary style. For the poet not only takes liberties with an everyday syntax and grammar but invents his own syntax and grammar and invents his own words, like Emily Dickinson before him. And the results are always convincing, the overtones clear. "It's a hurricane of spirit—" he chants—and "That's Genius!" And he makes no bones about conferring that title on himself. No poem of his runs very far into paper but drives the reader beyond the final period. The verse is meteoric and original notwithstanding some occasional indebtedness to William Blake and Father Hopkins, e.e.cummings and Wallace Stevens. We have not had a lyric poet in many a year and ought to be grateful for this one, the oddest in all probability since the Dickinson girl. And like the immortal tippler Villa is quotable over and over again and has the same genius for startling epigrams of a wide range and beauty. The dropping of the first personal

—Photo by Pinchot
Edgar Lee Masters

singular in the title (as though our language were purely Latin) seems to imply that not alone Villa has come but that "God Has Come," "Is Here."

Of the other Philippine poets who have come to us through our language, and since the fall of Bataan, it is interesting to note how they all use that language in order to bring certain facts before the American reader of which he might be ignorant. In the anthology, "Chorus for America," the editor Carlos Bulosan says about himself and his fellow poets, Da Costa, Feria, Baroga, and Rigor: "The new poetry marks the continuation of a great literary tradition started in Spanish times to destroy tyranny. With one exception (Villa), these are poets whose ideas are relevant to the revolutionary tradition which is the very foundation of Philippine history." Bulosan himself is the most talented member of this social group (*vide* his own volume, "Letter from America"), and gives the warm impression that the present revolt against the United States is instigated by the human demand for a freedom akin to ours, a freedom we ought to share with our darker brothers. For the best illustration of the battle between God and Man, or between Man and mankind, we have to return to José Garcia Villa:

Now I will tell you the Future
Of God. The future of God is

Man. God aspired before and
Failed. Jesus was too much

God. Since God is moving
Towards Man, and Man is moving

Towards God—they must meet
Sometime. O but God is always

A Failure! That Time is the
End of the world. When God

And Man do meet—they will
Be so bitter they will not speak.

John L. and His Profession

JOHN THE GREAT: The Times and Life of a Remarkable American, John L. Sullivan. By Donald Barr Chidsey. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 296 *pp., Index and notes.* $3.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

THIS book, in spite of the author's attitude toward the Monumental Moron, comes near to being the supreme effort on him.

The introduction which says that Sullivan's wit was not scintillating, even when he was sober, is slightly misleading. Sullivan was something more than a wit. When he was just himself and not academic, he touched the hem of greatness. I knew quite well the magnificent conqueror of John L. Sullivan. According to James J. Corbett, the one-time heavyweight champion was a brave and honest blusterer. Sullivan often brooded over his defeat by Corbett—never having, in George Jean Nathan's phrase, seen the humor of being beaten.

There are unforgettable incidents in Mr. Chidsey's book. He has done a masterful job of characterization. Such men as Bill Muldoon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Cardinal Gibbons stand out. Nowhere, not even in Ed. Van Every's book, have I seen Muldoon sketched with such fidelity. Here, the humorless Irishman is exactly himself. Roosevelt is for the first time made the superficial fellow he was—sometimes. Cardinal Gibbons is kindly and gently drawn. He alone had something of understanding for the gigantic bruiser. In the end the author forgets his supercilious attitude and in writing of Sullivan's later days he becomes one of his admirers in the great exodus to the grave. Sullivan's end is touched with human grandeur.

I closed the book with the feeling that academic writers miss so much in life. And yet, without them, posterity would have no such people as John L. Sullivan. What man could have stated his dissatisfaction better than Sullivan when he said that he did not want to hop through life like a grasshopper—or, great brawling sentimentalist, that he did not want to see the men in cages at Sing Sing.

"John the Great" is really an excellent book. It shows how one man lived and slugged. In spite of the fact that he was an Irishman from Boston, he is far more apt to be remembered than Henry Adams, who was much more articulate and less successful than the gladiator.

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Swain . . .

THE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE. By Virginia Swain. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 438 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ENGLE

THIS is not a novel about a "period" of American local history. There is plenty of accurate detail of Kansas City sixty years ago, and yet the book's firm foundation is not the rigid hoop skirt or whalebone corset. Throughout the curious variety of events which makes the actual story there is a continuity of supporting material about the character and development of the city in which the action occurs. Yet seldom does the reader feel that the book is local color or local legend and custom not very well disguised as fiction. The men and women and their relationships are the cause of the novel. Theirs is the story. The story of early Kansas City is useful only as it clarifies the other, human story.

Leo Hull is the neurotic (from fear of an imagined illness) daughter of Tom Hull, who came out of the dusty cattle country of western Kansas to make a fortune in that city to which he used to ship cattle he had himself driven for weeks under the desperate Abilene sun. In the monstrous mansion he has built on "Quality Hill" he has a tower for Leo where she can live her secret life. Also living there is his niece Cathie Brawne, recently brought from the tough cattle plains. A stranger, Rolf Bennett, arrives from the East, and by a series of extraordinary incidents becomes a part of the rich circle of Kansas City and ultimately marries Leo. The balance of the book is an account of the gradual disillusionment and delayed maturity of Leo, and the final triumph of her character and intelligence over the failure of her marriage and her betrayal by Rolf Bennett. It is a narrative of distinct and definite people, by no means the type characters of the usual historical novel.

The feeblest part of the book is the texture of the prose. The author was for some time a journalist, and, without denying many illustrious exceptions, I am more and more convinced that newspaper writing is a menace to the writing of good fiction prose. Time and again a tense and decisive situation is dragged down to dullness and mediocrity by the simple fact that the prose cannot rise in power and intensity as the event does. The book is full of the customary trite phrases of an outworn manner of writing—a man's face darkens with anger, a girls flushes, someone "shoots" a glance, sentences can describe a moment of sudden emotional excitement only with such ordinariness of word as, "She hung in his arms panting."

—*Photo by Dorn Piroska, Budapest.*
Virginia Swain

Another unfortunate aspect of the book is its use of coincidence to advance the narrative. The device of letting Rolf Bennett twice rescue a wealthy neighbor's child from a dangerous cliff is a weak method of forcing him into the presence of the Hull family. All through the story these hardly believable incidents occur. Leo meets a doctor by chance at the one moment when she most needs to know from him the truth that she has never had epilepsy.

But the characters are honestly conceived and this is the final importance of the book. Old Tom Hull seems a less violent and hard-speaking man than he should be after a life working with cattle, but the others are individuals: Jim Willett the fat and frantic real estate promoter, his lady friend Genia, the quietly selfish Cathie, and the hysterical Leo.

The $1,000 Gilbert M. Hitchcock Scholarship of the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University has been awarded for 1942-43 to Miss Evelyn M. Simpson, of Omaha, Nebraska.

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Gilman . . .

THE GOLDEN HORDE. By La Salle Gilman. New York: Smith & Durrell, Inc. 1942. 466 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

CAPTAIN MIKHAIL PETROV, a White Russian unalterably opposed to the revolutionary dogma, leads a ragged column of defeated veterans into the wastes of Mongolia with the design of final escape through India. Forced into winter quarters with a wild tribe of the desert, he falls in love with the chieftain's daughter, Tsinilla, from whom and from whose father he hears rumors of a great Mongolian uprising for which mysterious and seemingly fantastic preparations are being made. These rumors, vague hints though they be, command his imagination, and he becomes as attached to them as a drug addict to opium. He pursues with unflagging perseverance his gleam: this reincarnation of a half-legendary "Golden Horde" of pre-Genghis Mongolian glory, this shadowy army which is to bring liberation and peace again to central Asia. His quest is not easy. It leads him into a mountain ambush where he loses all his men and is himself almost fatally wounded. Nursed back to life by a philosophical hermit lama whose esoteric musings strengthen the pursuit, he wanders into China, there for many years to lead the desperate life of a mercenary in the interminable civil wars. But the gleam continues to burn more and more brightly and, when the Japanese invasion is well under way, he meets once again the irresistible Tsinilla, now a skilled Soviet agent. Together they return to Mongolia, and at long last, after numberless adventures, they

La Salle Gilman

gain admittance to the headquarters itself of the miraculous Golden Horde, a sort of mechanized Shangri-la, half Coleridgean Kubla Khan and half Wellsian Utopia.

Such fabulous adventurings ought to make a good tale, and so they do but not with complete success. Mr. Gilman seems never quite to have made up his mind exactly what kind of novel he was writing. Individual episodes are excellently told, with the high spirit of romance shaping their resounding ends and with all manner of exotic decorations heightening their progress. He does not, however, limit himself to this kind of grandiose make-believe. He will suddenly go all Zola or Henry James, and the shock of the change brings bewilderment. If Mr. Gilman meant his book to be sheer entertainment, he might have omitted its heavier implications; if he meant it to be serious, he should have restrained the glamour. It is the glamour that wins—intended or otherwise.

Briggs . . .

DAKOTA IN THE MORNING. By William Harlowe Briggs. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE better of the agricultural lands of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Southern Minnesota were all filled up when belated adventurers decided to press on northwest to the Dakotas. It was the last and grayest project in major agricultural settlement in America. A little of the earth was sufficiently fertile for small farming but the uncertain climate and the great stretches that had to be farmed in one operation to produce a satisfactory crop called for a big financial backlog, in case of failures, for machine farming, and for far more rail outlets than the two states possessed when the early settlers reached the place.

When the farmers made a crop they had long hauls to a few rail lines and elevators that were squeezed by deadly monopolies; when they failed to make a crop, one strike was out—they lacked capital to try again. Historically, it is not a cheerful story, and Mr. Briggs has therefore employed the intelligent stratagem of telling it through the eyes of a boy, to whom alone it could have been exciting, vivid, and happy. Even so, as the boy grows older, the disaster which overtook those early farmers, steadily and increasingly overtakes him.

"Dakota in the Morning" is intrinsically a series of excellent sketches of time and place, arranged on the experiences and ambitions of young Bub, whose father intends to make a larger city than Chicago somewhere on a railroad siding in the wheatlands. The project seems infallible to Bub at the beginning of the book, but his notions of the principal assets of the place—gophers, weed-grasses, impoverished but fascinating human eccentrics—should have been bad omens for his father from the start.

Mr. Briggs's story is slight but pleasant, and it presents a fine series of pictures of a doomed enterprise.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FRIGHTENED STIFF *Kelley Roos* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Nude and very dead gent in Greenwich Village garden starts amateur sleuth and lively wife on perilous chase.	Engaging couple finally pierce secret of uncommunicative fellow tenants and snare well-concealed murderer. Plenty of thrills.	Exhilarating
H AS IN HANGMAN *Lawrence Treat* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Murders at Chautauqua, N. Y., give expert on criminal psychology chance to show his stuff.	Music, crooked finance, confusing trails, odd characters, and good background, with dash of romance.	Good entertainment
BATS FLY AT DUSK *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Bertha Cool, acting for blind client, stumbles over murder, tangles with cops, and is extricated by Donald Lam.	Bertha's amusing efforts to solve unusually confusing case and Lam's off-stage deducing keep tale moving at racing speed.	Better than ever

At the end of October a collection of twenty-five radio addresses by Thomas Mann will be published here with the title, "Deutsche Hoerer" ("Listen Germany"), under the imprint of Bermann-Fischer Verlag, A.B., Stockholm, the last German-language publishing company still doing business in exile. These addresses were broadcast to Germany over long wave by the B.B.C. from London. This collection marks the first publication of Thomas Mann's messages to the German people.

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THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUTURE

(*Continued from page 4*)

ilation problems would result from bringing into close contact large numbers of city people and country people. But there is no problem. The farmer boy and the city boy meet in barracks for the first time, regard one another curiously for a few days, and, as the days pass, the wonder passes. There is the to-be-expected ribbing—two-sided—but it is almost exactly the same kind of ribbing that Brooklynites have to take from Manhattanites, that residents of Cicero have to take from Chicagoans, that Hollywood takes from the United States. Between the rural and the urban soldiers there are, however, no strong differences of opinion. There are many factors that make for an unexpected kind of uniformity. These boys find that they have common interests. They find that they have seen the same movies, listened to the same radio programs, read the same books, driven the same kind of cars, and so on and on. There are no convictions that the city fellow holds because he is city bred, nor that the country boy holds because he is country bred, prompting the one to regard the other askance. The effect, in fact, is rather the opposite. There is a mutual partial envy each feels for what he considers the other's lucky lot that may be a harbinger of further movings-about after the war is over. Roots are up now. It shouldn't be nearly as difficult to pack up and move off to new, greener fields after the war as it was before.

The most noticeable clannishness in the Army, as outside, is among people on approximately the same educational and cultural levels. There is a strange kind of intellectual magnetism which draws people with similar outside interests together almost instantaneously. The tough guys gravitate toward one another—as do the others. One man sees another with a book under his arm, and if he himself is a bookman a bond is formed without a word being spoken. It is only a matter of hours, usually, until a friendship has developed. Because it is possible to be unspeakably lonely even among your thousands of fellow soldiers unless you find the one or the few who can replace the good companions you left at home, you do keep your eyes and your ears open. No soldier is lonely in that way for very long. The Army is too teeming a place for that to be so. Within a week after donning his khaki the radio nut has found another ham with whom to discuss his true love; and so have the camera fan, the bookworm, the music lover, the baseball enthusiast, the mechanic.

One curious thing I notice is that in all the soldier talk you hear the Italians are never referred to as our enemies. Occasionally, but surprisingly seldom, the Germans are spoken of angrily, hatefully. But for the Japanese always, every day in every tent and barracks there are words of bitter, angry hate, a yearning for revenge and punishment, on the lips of every soldier. My roommate goes about our room pumping a Flit gun energetically at intruding flies. When he corners one against the screen he lets drive at it, and by now it has become a ritual with him to snarl as he does so, "There, take that, you dirty little slant-eyed Jap bastard."

It is quite improbable, I think, that this great shuffle will result in any important cultural changes or in any large-scale population shifts throughout the scattered regions of our country. I don't think the boy from Worcester is going to long for dear old Fayetteville, or the boy from Baton Rouge, for dear old Plattsburg. My guess is that the idea in every soldier's mind, as soon as the Victory Parade up Fifth Avenue is over, will be to make a bee line for home—and to stay there. Personally, if it's possible to do so, I'm going to duck into the subway station at the Battery and make my bee line for Brooklyn before the Parade begins.

The Basis for World Harmony

WORLD ORDER IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE. By Hans Kohn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1942. 352 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IN a series of books, "Force or Reason," "Not by Arms Alone," and "Revolutions and Dictatorships," to which the present volume forms a capping stone, Mr. Kohn has brought his learning, his expositor's skill, his moral fervor to the task of convincing the American public that civilization depends on the defeat and elimination of National Socialism and Fascism. Events since December 7, 1941 having fairly well implanted that conviction among Americans, Mr. Kohn is concerned in "World Order in Historical Perspective" with the problems of organizing in the world the kind of decency which has finally been aroused to meet its enemies on the battlefield.

In three shorter chapters, "Democracy, the Way of Man," "Nationalism, the Way of Society," and "Europe, the Way of Mankind," he sketches some of the abiding forms of human relationships he believes will be found in the future, since they have been found in the past. He deos not expect to eliminate nationalism, nor even imperialism, but he does hope to bring their development into ordered control of law. In a long final chapter "Crisis, the Way of Civilization," he very skillfully reviews the international conflicts, spiritual as well as physical, which have now brought almost the whole world to take one side or another in open struggle. In this account he emphasizes the difficult but finally successful process of bringing together the opponents of Axis totalitarianism. That process he thinks has been more successful than last time. Where by 1918 we had allied and associated powers, in 1942 we have United Nations. If they can stay united, then

> . . . . out of the crisis civilization can recover: in a new democracy of man, conscious of his limitations and of the reality of evil, who is dignified as the subject of moral law and as a partner of humanity; in a new nationalism, de-demonized and depolitized, resting upon free association and liberated from the dead weight of the past; and in a new imperialism, which will take up again, under the changed conditions of modern technology and with the experience of the ages, their ancient and ever-new promise of a world order based upon a community of law.

Mr. Kohn is an admirable writer for these times. He has that essential reasonableness—not lukewarmness, not mere negative detachment—without which democracy cannot in decency be defended. His earlier books sought to wake us up, but never to shout us into revivalist hysteria. His present book is no dogmatic plan for Union Now, no exact blueprint of world order according to the lucubrations of a single mind, but a temperate and yet earnest survey of the problems we must get ourselves used to trying to solve—together.

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

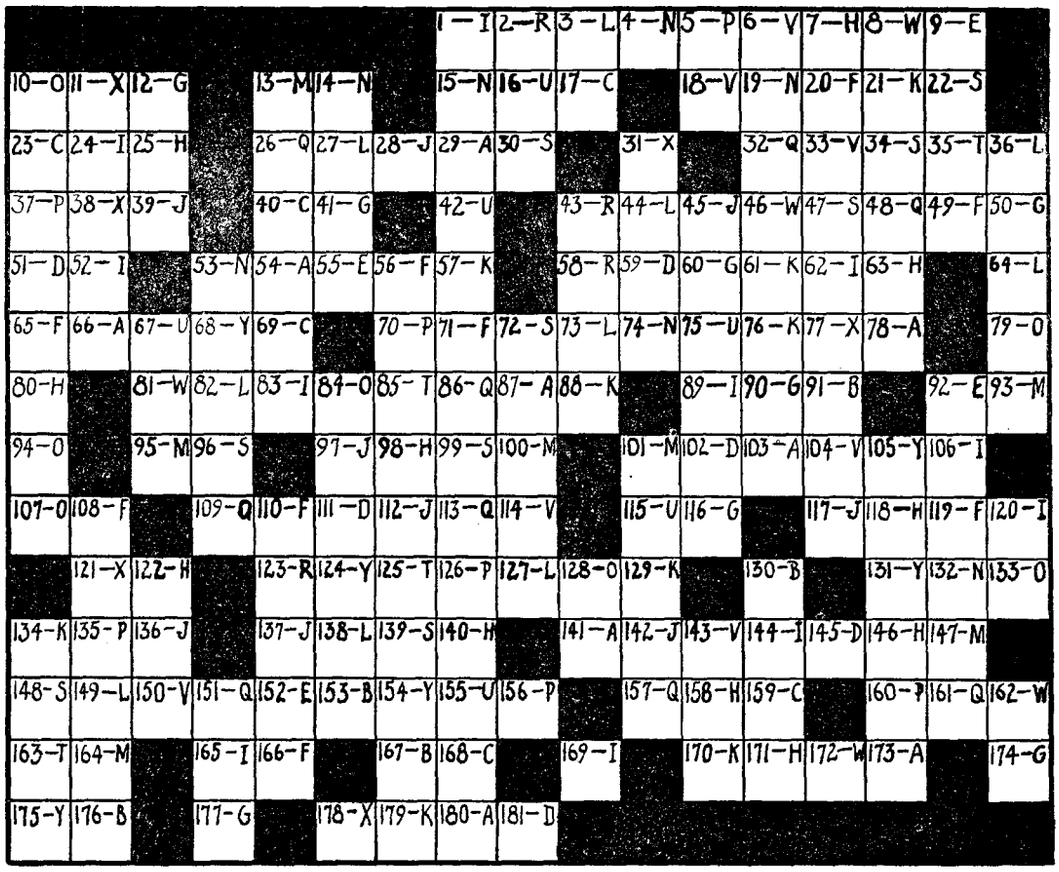
NOW and then I am asked to give you an occasional diagramless DC. What is your pleasure? Personally I welcome such a chance as it enables me to use longer selections, and, of course, the diagram-maker can eliminate black squares.

I like to receive words usable to my purpose. *Seiche* has been added to my DC list by Mrs. Ledbetter of Cleveland, whereas an unsigned note from Castine, Me., gives us *nidgety*. Both *nidget* and *nidgety* are archaic or dial., in Webster, but as they were used by Jane Austen they have a literary flavor I want to pass on. I rarely use obsolete terms, out of fairness to you, unless they have an interesting association, as *eftsoons*, for instance, with "The Ancient Mariner." This week our friend J. T. Hatfield, chancing to call when I was puzzling, accepted my invitation to finish the DC. He used up 2 ms with *emmet*, not the Irish patriot, but *an ant*, and he assured me that earlier poetry warrants its use.

That "Thesaurus of Slang" I acquired recently is truly a "corker." But I assure you that I will use no term from it unless verified by Webster. As further evidence of my aim to be square, accusations to the contrary notwithstanding, I have just discarded the word *spotted* as a definition of *mottled*, on the ground that its other meanings might mislead you. Have you noticed how I frequently give you a synonym with the same number of letters as in the word defined so as to steer you from its use—as *florid* instead of *baroque* for *ornate*? By the way how do you like *tow-wouse* for *tow-row*? I came across it recently in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" the name of two of his characters.

When Matthew Arnold paid his famous visit to this country, you may recall that he, by request, gave in Boston his address on Emerson. Of this Boston affair, Julia Ward Howe wrote to her brother abroad that when Wendell Phillips rose to thank Arnold it was like a rose complimenting a cabbage. What Arnold wrote to his mother as he was about to give the same address at Wellesley College, I used in part in a DC—a pleasurable anticipation to meet the charming young ladies and their equally charming professors. Later from one of our puzzlers, Mariana Cogswell of New Hampshire, came a letter telling me that she herself chanced to be of that "charming" group, and that so peculiarly amusing were his manners that his audience were in a constant titter, and feared lest they should disgrace themselves. She recalled that as the afternoon hour for the lecture drew near, Arnold was not to be found. Search finally placed him on the shores of the Lake, rapturously begging that he might remain and postpone his address till evening.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 446

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Famous English ware.

B. Decree of a Mohammedan ruler.

C. Athenian orator (B.C. 450-380?).

D. Remain in hiding (2 wds.)

E. Beggar thrown out by Odysseus ("Odyssey").

F. Unlooked-for blow after a supposedly finished affair.

G. Upright stone commemorating a hero or event (Semites).

H. Improvident (comp.)

I. Founder of the Cynics School of Philosophy.

J. Trend of culture and taste of an era (Ger.)

K. Famous English ware.

L. Bringing to notice.

M. Dispose of with little effort (2 wds.)

N. An imitation (colloq.; comp.)

O. Booted.

P. A careless unguarded state.

Q. One for vain love of whom Echo died.

R. With Plato, an archetype.

S. Form of attack from 2 or more points with intersecting lines (2 wds.)

T. Great German bacteriologist (1843-1910) (tuberculosis).

U. Pertaining to the nostrils (Anat.)

V. English Prime Minister (1908-16).

W. One who is dull and spiritless.

X. Brazilian bast fibre for nets.

Y. Vocal organ of birds.

WORDS

66 29 78 103 87 141 180 54 173

167 153 130 176 91

17 159 69 40 23 168

51 102 111 59 145 181

152 55 92 9

119 108 166 71 20 56 65 49 110

60 177 41 116 12 50 174 90

98 140 158 25 63 171 7 80 146 122 118

169 1 89 165 62 120 144 52 24 106 83

28 112 137 97 136 39 142 45 117

179 61 170 57 129 76 134 88 21

27 36 138 82 3 64 127 44 73 149

147 13 100 93 95 101 164

132 15 4 74 19 53 14

107 84 133 94 10 79 128

5 37 70 160 126 135 156

32 157 161 113 86 109 48 151 26

2 43 123 58

34 148 47 22 30 96 99 72 139

35 163 125 85

155 42 75 115 67 16

6 18 150 104 33 143 114

81 162 46 8 172

77 38 178 121 11 31

131 68 105 154 175 124

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